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SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

THE FRONT PAGE

The Duel For Germany

THE present duel between two different kinds of Germans for control of the German government is one upon which every citizen of a democratic country can afford to look with completely benevolent neutrality. It does not really matter which kind does the other kind in, and our natural antipathy to Herr Hitler, who has been the official head of our enemies, should not blind us to the fact that the generals were quite as much our enemies until they came to the conclusion that it was no use being our enemies any longer because we were sure to win. Herr Hitler cannot come to that conclusion even if he wanted to, because we are pledged not to permit him to cease being our enemy. We will not negotiate with him, and so long as he remains in power we shall go on fighting him. The generals can at least hope that if *they* got into power they could put up somebody with whom we would negotiate.

The German military clique put Hitler into power for the very purpose of organizing the Germans politically for this war. It has maintained him in power for more than a decade, and now is finding difficulty in throwing him out. No great harm, indeed much good, will have been done to the cause of European civilization if Herr Hitler first exterminates a good many of the military clique and the remainder of the clique then exterminates a good many of the leading Nazis. The operation is one which will be much better performed by Germans than by outsiders. It will leave Germany without any form of political authority or political structure with roots in the past, and will thus greatly facilitate the gradual development (during a period of administration by the victors) of a modern and civilized structure based on the doctrine of peaceful collaboration with other nations.

"G. B. S." →

Born July 26, 1856

BERNARD SHAW is eighty-eight, an age exceeding grim,
But the years are impudent to dream of quashing him.
Has his indignation waned, his irony grown rusty?
Has his jaunty insolence become a trifle musty?
Is his humor dying, or his edged wit less sharp,
Is he thinking of the grave, and practising the harp?
No; he's merely practising at immortality
While collecting royalties in stern tenacity.

J. E. M.

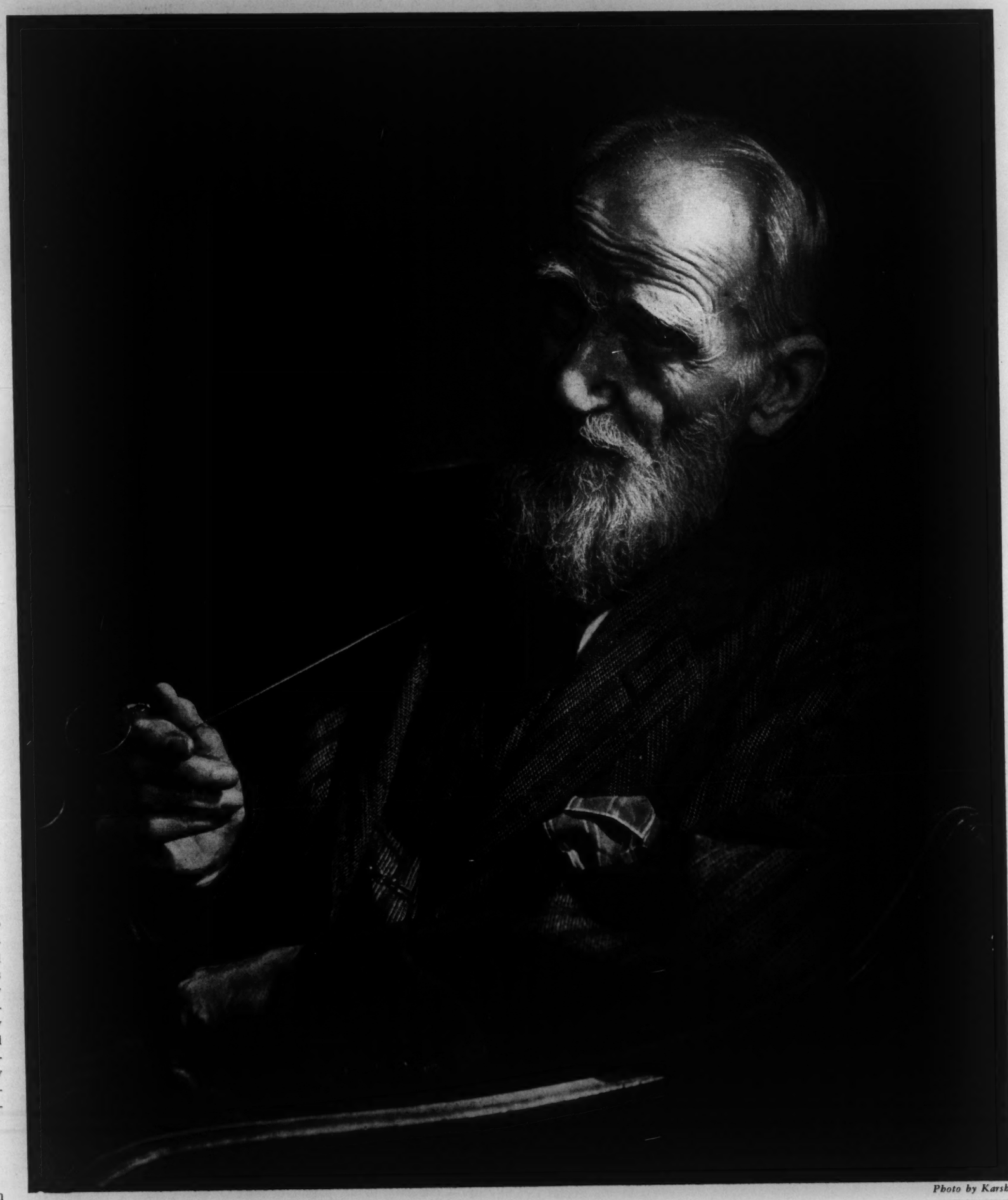

Photo by Karsh.

Tickets, Please!

EIRE is reported to be discussing the question who shall represent it at the peace conference. A more important question is where does he propose to sit: with the conquerors or with the conquered?

Robot Bombing

LONDON is a very large area, not nearly as far as one would like from German-held territory. Even with a high degree of inexactitude in the travel of a self-propelled aerial bomb, it is quite inevitable that a large percentage of those despatched should reach an area in which their destructive power is serious. The idea that it required a peculiarly German ingenuity to devise this method of attack is fantastic; any competent group of scientists could have done it, and the wonder is that the Germans, who alone have the geographical position to which it is suited, did not do it much earlier. The explanation probably is that they prepared for it earlier, but without the necessary precautions for the protection of the launching platforms, and were delayed by the intensity of the bombing of these platforms by British raiders. They now appear to have them pretty well covered up.

The sole remaining hope which the Nazis can cherish of rescuing anything from the impending destruction lies in the idea that the robot bomb can inflict so much damage on London that the British will be compelled to come to terms in time to enable the Germans to shift their forces back to the east and concentrate on resisting the Russian invasion. The German army are perfectly aware that this hope is illusory—that the Russian invasion has got much too far even if there were any chance of inducing the British to make terms, which they also know there is not. The more intelligent Nazis are no doubt just as well aware of that as the army, but they are in the position of knowing also that their lives are not worth an hour's purchase after an Allied victory; while a very considerable element among the party is probably so fanatical as to be still capable of believing that the Fuehrer's intuition or his star can yet bring victory out of the very jaws of ruin. The ordinary German is even now being asked to believe that the robot bomb can be effectively used against New York, though we hear no suggestion of trying it on Moscow.

There is nothing illegitimate about the weapon, and we cannot see that anything would be gained by threats of retaliation. It merely does not happen to be a weapon that could be of any use to our side until we are much nearer to the great population centers of the enemy, by which time we shall probably be moving forward so fast that we shall have no need for it. Neither the military nor the moral effect in Great Britain can possibly be

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HON. SOLON LOW, M.L.A. *Photo by Karsh*

NAME IN THE NEWS

Canada Needs No More Imported Capital Says S.C. Treasurer

By COROLYN COX

NOW that Solon Low has come out of the west, Social Credit doctrine, or at all events Mr. Low's economic doctrine, is having an interesting and provocative airing. Mr. Low came east to address the Quebec provincial convention of the Social Credit party, of which he is national president, and thereafter embarked upon a speaking tour that has kept his utterances continually on the pages of the country's press. Ottawa's famous July inferno weather could not keep a big audience from assembling in person to do him honor in the Capital. Canada gives evidence of being interested in both the man and his ideas.

Well may they be, for Solon Low is an outstanding, able politician. He is also exceptionally well educated in the broad sense of the word, as a trained teacher knows how to express what is in his head, as an experienced business man does not weave economic theories from dream substance.

Low is an energetic, up and coming Albertan Go-getter, forty-four years of age, born near Cardston. His father was a merchant-educator, bought a farm on the edge of Cardston in order to raise his family of seven boys in the way they should go, to keep them occupied and out of mischief while he himself carried on a business in town. When the boys had done all the chores, milked the cows (by hand), cultivated and the like before and after school hours, there wasn't much time for nonsense. Solon at the local public school had his own elder brother as principal—and received no favors, either. High School was combined under the same roof, so that he received family guidance until at 18 he finished, expecting to pop into the army. Then the Armistice came.

At Turin, prairie settlement near Lethbridge, Low taught in the village school, then moved on to Gartley school. At the end of the year he left school-teaching for business, started buying grain for Home Grain Company, a large line elevator firm. He stayed with them for two years, handling feed, flour and their coal business, which ran over 40 carloads a year. In 1922 he switched to mercantile business, became manager of the gents' clothing department of Belkin Bros., a large department store at Big Valley.

Education and business were continually intermingled in the Low family, all part of the stuff of life, and Solon decided to take the one-year normal school course at Calgary, emerged to become principal of Arrowwood Consolidated School 60 miles east of Calgary. While on that job he was also secretary of the Board of Trade which got the C.P.R. to extend the railway line from Milo to Blackie.

After teaching high school till 1927, Low accepted the associate principalship of the Raymond public school, twenty miles south of Lethbridge. One year later he became an instructor on the staff of Raymond High School, then principal of the Stirling High School in 1934.

Studied in California

From 1925 on, Low pursued higher education by attending summer school at University of Alberta, Edmonton, and below the border at University of Southern California. It was down there in 1931 that he first became interested in the Social Credit philosophy, studied the Westlake articles, heard Major Douglas expound his views. From then on Low began explaining Social Credit and lecturing round southern Alberta. In 1935 he won his first election, was sent to the Alberta Legislature as a Social Credit Member, continued teaching, with a substitute standing in while he attended the session in '36. However, when he was called into the Cabinet in '37 this expedient wouldn't do, and Solon Low abandoned school teaching for politics. He was made Provincial Treasurer, has served continually since, with the portfolio of Education added in 1943. His party have polled a majority since 1935.

Admittedly, Alberta has been enjoying very good provincial government during these years. Admittedly, also, it has not as yet tasted of Social Credit. Mr. Low explains that there are, in the Federal setup, constitutional barriers that must be removed before Social Credit can be introduced into any province, but the authority is presently ample to introduce the system federally. His task in Alberta in '36 was to effect a thorough reorganization, take strong action, since there was no bottom in the Treasury! Government cut the interest rate on its issues by half. It survived, supplied services the people needed in the hungry 'thirties. Low supported this move on the understanding that as soon as able the Province would set about orderly refunding, of its entire debt. For the last five years he has been working steadily on this refunding, believes the end in sight, has watched Alberta bonds rise from their low of 54 to quotations above 90, thinks he has convinced eastern Canada and New York financiers that he is sincere in his efforts to rehabilitate Alberta's finances.

Solon Low claims that the Liberal and United Farmers of Alberta Governments in his province failed to set up reserves to meet unusual demands for redemption of savings certificates, whereas his Government have every year planted reserves in their budget, with the result that the ten millions of oustanding savings certificates have been reduced to some 3¼ millions. They consider it their obligation to bring Alberta bonds back to par so that people who have bought them will be able to dispose of them at no disadvantage.

The Issue Is Freedom

What of the future? What measures would Solon Low like to adopt in Alberta, what would bringing in real Social Credit, in his opinion, involve? One must, from the outside, begin by understanding that there are many brands of economic theory and miasma peddled under the title "Social Credit". Mr. Low speaks as a practical politician, a provincial Finance Minister of proven capacity viewed from accepted standards. He maintains that Social Credit is fundamentally different and far apart from both Communism and Socialism. The issue involved, he considers, is freedom of the individual. Communism and Socialism, according to him, are based on compulsion, subservience of the individual to the State. Social Credit, he says, enhances the freedom of the individual, assuming that government is best which governs least, and things should be so organized as to make possible greater and greater freedom for the individual. Freedom carries responsibility, hence education must bring up the understanding of the people as a whole. If that is done, the people will govern themselves well.

Low's thesis is that of the dogs and the bone. Six dogs fight for one bone. See that there are six bones and you have peace and prosperity. If sufficient purchasing power is created to distribute the goods you produce, you have the foundation of security.

Mr. Low believes that Canada could and should pay to every one of its citizens, as shareholders as well as taxpayers, a basic annual dividend. This—say such a sum as $25 per month—would have to be expended upon them anyway, if they became destitute, and granted as an annual right would supply just that minimum of security that would permit men to choose their jobs, never be quite enslaved to any person or interest. Our resources, developed to the present stage, and our reservoir of knowledge are an accumulation our people as a whole inherit, do not belong to anybody alone.

To develop Canada from now on, Low would institute purely Canadian credits, which could be used by private individuals or companies as their capital for expansion. Instead of bringing in British or U.S. capital to develop Canada, or eastern capital into the west, in other words, he would assume a capital value existing in our resources and the labor of our people themselves, recognize this by having a finance Commission issue credits to such amounts as are required without creating a debt that bears interest. Some of these risks might prove bad, but more, he feels certain, would be amply rewarding, and thus on the whole the country at large would keep out of the red.

He believes that in carrying through such a scheme as his, the present rigid price controls, rationing, etc., could be abandoned in favor of a finance commission through which our representatives in Parliament would lay down financial policy, leaving it to private concerns to execute.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Thinks Quebec Cannot Secede: Have We Parliamentary Rule?

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN YOUR issue of July 8, Mr. Sandwell, commenting on the Bouchard speech, has the following statement which should not go unchallenged: "If Quebec after mature consideration decides it desires to secede from the Dominion, I cannot quite imagine the other provinces seeking to retain it by force."

This pronouncement reveals a singular want of imagination, and a rare capacity for appeasement.

Today Canada proudly participates in a murderous and ruinous war, far away from home, primarily to preserve the national existence of our blood-kin—Britain and the British Commonwealth,—and not, as some august cold-fish assert, for an abstract conception of Freedom.

Freedom, abstract or concrete, is as precious to the French of Canada as to any people on earth, yet it were the veriest hypocrisy to claim that they are as enthusiastic in participation in this war as the rest of us, and no just person blames them.

To assert that it would be unimaginable that the other provinces should seek to restrain by force a secession by Quebec, destroying Confederation thereby, is an astounding confession of weakness. That we should fight to the death for a remote and scattered Commonwealth, and yet fail to fight for the integrity of our own homeland, passes my understanding.

The retention of Quebec is for Canada far more vital on economic, historic and sentimental grounds than the forcible retention of the seceding South ever was vital to the American Union; but Mr. Sandwell is quite ready to consent to the creation of a new nation—an alien swath, potentially hostile,—splitting Canada in twain and barring our access to the Atlantic except upon sufferance of this new nation.

Such a situation would be tantamount to an invitation to all Canada west of the Ottawa to unite wih our friends to the south, perhaps not an altogether evil alternative to an incompatible "unholy deadlock" such as Mr. Bouchard portrays as possible. To the Maritimes it would spell a divorce from the bonds of 1867, an event not entirely unwelcome to a few die-hards who like the writer grew up there in the hungry years immediately succeeding Confederation.

F. CALDER (RETIRED C. C. J.)
Ashcroft, B.C.

Independent Parliament

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

EITHER we have a parliamentary government or we have not, and which it is the people of Canada will have to decide pretty soon. If we are to have parliamentary government, we must have an independent Parliament, in which Senators and Members act according to conscience, and not through bribery or threats.

The question is not one which can be put aside as settled. Within the last few weeks, a French-Canadian Senator was dismissed from an $18,000-a-year post under the Quebec Provincial Government because he insisted on defying the wishes of that Government and making a speech in the Senate, criticizing some things which he had seen in his province. Now it turns out that every CCF candidate, before he gets backing, has to sign an agreement that he will resign his post, if the local CCF committee wants him to.

Parliament should take up this attack on its independence. It would be a terrible thing if every business man who was a Senator could be forced to resign his directorship in a company because what he said in the Senate didn't suit that company. It would be equally terrible if every member of Parliament, elected with the support of an organization, could at any time be forced to resign his seat for what he said and believed to be right, because it was disapproved of by his backers. It would be very confusing if every time a local nominating committee found a handsomer man to be member they could call the old one in. These things have not become the custom yet in Canada, but Mr. Bouchard's dismissal is a warning; the recall rule of the CCF is a warning. We, the voters, had better begin to point out that we do not intend they shall become the custom; that we do not intend that Senators or Members should be under the orders of provincial premiers, or local CCF committees, or anyone else but the private voter at large on election day!

Don't you agree?

Toronto, Ont. H. A. L. CLARK.

Too Many Shambles

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

MR. HENRY GRAVES in his letter in your July 1 issue seems to have missed the greatest abuse of our language which occurs both on the radio and in the press, namely, the use of the word "shambles" to mean a great deal of destroyed property. Until the professional writers and commentators began to misuse this word during the present war it always meant a slaughterhouse and hence was used figuratively to mean a place of carnage or execution. It is being used today quite consistently to mean a pile of masonry, rubble, and other destroyed property, even when the reporter goes on to say that nobody was killed.

While we are on the subject of language may I suggest that if the radio commentators would just take the trouble to pronounce all the vowels long in any Chinese words they attempt to use they would not only come nearer to the correct pronunciation but would also largely avoid giving the impression that they are having a tough time with the word.

West Saint John, N.B. K. A. BAIRD.

Thanks, Mr. Winchell

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

Re attached—you're wrong. Good wishes.

The Mirror, New York.
WALTER WINCHELL.

Attached is excerpt from the Passing Show of May 27: "We have a little money which says that Mr. Winchell will not do another broadcast favorable to the Canadian war effort. But we have no takers."

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The Front Page

(*Continued from Page One*)

more than negligible. The moral effect in Germany was for the moment very great; the robot may well have staved off internal collapse by several weeks. But there will be a price to pay for that borrowed time. The British are considerably less sentimental and soft-hearted about the Germans than they were two months ago, and considerably nearer to the severely practical attitude of the Russians. There has been an end of all talk about the impropriety of demanding "unconditional surrender", and all idea of a "soft peace" can now be abandoned.

Quebec United Front

WE REGRET that Senator David, in closing the debate on a uniform history of Canada, should have based his rebuke to Senator Bouchard on a premise which we think undermines all hope of that national unity which his history resolution was intended to promote. Mr. David said nothing about the truth or otherwise of Mr. Bouchard's charges against the Order of Jacques Cartier. His complaint was solely that they should not have been made in the Senate, on the ground that criticism of French-Canadians by French-Canadians must never be uttered anywhere except in a purely French-Canadian *milieu;* to outsiders French Canada must always present a united front.

Mr. David is, we believe, much too intelligent a man and too experienced a politician not to know that this united front business is the chief cause of whatever aloofness, not to call it hostility, exists against French Canada among other Canadians. It creates the impression, whether or not it is well founded, that there is a wide range of important subjects upon which no difference of opinion however honest is tolerated in French Canada. It was not Mr. Bouchard's speech that in any way damaged French Canada in the eyes of non-French Canadians; that speech was welcomed as evidence of a capacity for free discussion. What has damaged French Canada was the immediate dismissal of Mr. Bouchard from his provincial post for no other reason than that he had allowed himself the luxury of free discussion. Even that dismissal might have been partially excused on the ground that it was performed by a Government about to enter into a general election; but here comes Mr. David, retired from the active conflict and enjoying all the independence of a Senator, and joins in the hue and cry without any apparent compelling reason, and with no other excuse or justification than this doctrine of the imperative necessity of French-Canadian solidarity. It is a great pity.

Spreading the News

TO RE-ESTABLISH men and women of the armed services in civilian life the Government has laid down an impressive program. Already many discharged men have greatly profited, and the practical experience in the working of the plans gives good promise of success for the future. In a booklet entitled "Back to Civil Life" the Minister of Pensions and National Health writes, "The Canadian program of rehabilitation of its ex-service personnel can succeed only to the extent that the personnel are prepared to help themselves and that employers will provide opportunity."

It is gratifying to note that the Canadian Manufacturers' Association acting through its Industrial Relations Committee is sending out to all its members a copy of the booklet which gives in complete detail the regulations governing re-education, vocational guidance, demobilization allowances, etc.

All people, as well as those engaged in industry, should be informed of these plans. Are copies of the booklet available in the schools and churches?

About Secession

WE HAVE been much interested in the comment that has followed a recent statement by the editor of this paper, that it is difficult to imagine the other provinces of Canada taking up arms to prevent Quebec from seceding from Confederation if it so desired. The question is obviously of the highest importance for the future of Canada, because it involves the whole concept of the nature of the Canadian nation. Are we the kind of nation which is so profoundly conscious of its own essential unity and durability that it will exercise its sovereign power to restrain any element in its membership which desires to quit it? The proposition seems to us to be highly questionable.

Obviously no one who holds the "compact" theory of Confederation can entertain any such view. On that theory the provinces remain together only so long as they collectively and individually live up to the terms of the compact. The slightest increase in the power of the central government, not consented to by each and every province, affords a complete justification for a dissenting province to withdraw. The position of Quebec is no different from that of any other province. Should we use force to keep British Columbia in Confederation, if that province voted to become a separate Dominion like New Zealand? It must be remembered that withdrawal from Confederation in no way implies repudiation of the British Crown. Quebec, if it desired to go its own way and assume the right to be neutral in a war in which the rest of Canada desired to participate, could claim to be doing no more than Eire is doing. Could we refuse her that liberty? Should we feel it our duty to "Canada" to shed the blood of Canadians of all the provinces in order to withhold it from her? Or from British Columbia or Nova Scotia—which must be regarded as being on exactly the same footing?

The question is not wholly academic. The new kind of world in which we are going to live is going to call for a new kind of state, with new and larger powers and functions. The people who form the majority in Quebec will want that state to be the province. The people of the rest of Canada will probably want it to be the Dominion. Can we reconcile these conflicting views? If not, can we impose on the people of Quebec a Dominion authority very different from, and much greater and more intrusive than, that to which they have been accustomed? Or will Quebec impose on the rest of us the necessity of getting along with a nation-state much weaker than we think proper, and with province-states exercising a dominant economic influence in the country, but exercising it in nine different ways?

CRACKING THE NUT

(Copyright in All Countries)

Canada's Fiction

WE HAVE been a little surprised at the indignation manifested by some of the newspaper critics at the evaluation of the Canadian output of fiction for 1943 which appears in the annual review of "Letters in Canada" published by the University of Toronto Quarterly. Professor J. R. MacGillivray, the evaluator, finds only one novel deserving of extended comment, and that is by the veteran novelist Arthur Stringer and is not in any strict sense Canadian. This disposes rather summarily of five substantial historical romances; but it has long been desirable that somebody should dispose pretty summarily of this kind of composition, which has kept the minds of Canadian writers off their proper business far too long. (We should note here that one of the five writers, Mr. Heighington, is only dealing with history of as recent a date as the last war, and shows frequent signs of being interested in more important things than historical romance; but he is unfortunately the least competent technically of the five.) The unlimited possibilities for saccharine sentiment are undoubtedly the main reason why Canadian writers choose that medium, and they are also the reason why most of them fail to make a work of art.

The two volumes to which Mr. MacGillivray devotes space and praise far exceeding what he gives to the novels are volumes of sketches, and one of them, by Thomas H. Raddall, is not really 1943 stuff, having been published in England in 1939. The other is very familiar to SATURDAY NIGHT readers, since almost everything it contains appeared during the last three years in these columns. It is "Stand On a Rainbow" by Mary Quayle Innis, and it gets a page and a half of extremely appreciative comment. "As fictional art this is easily the most finished book of the year. . . . An engaging, lively and amusing book about the most trivial domestic incidents. Within its limits of observation it is extraordinarily true to life." These are the precise reasons which have led SATURDAY NIGHT to accept with enthusiasm the products of Mrs. Innis' pen, and we are glad to announce that we shall shortly publish several more instalments of these chronicles of the Everett family.

Fine Scientist Gone

THE death of Rev. Brother Marie-Victorin in a motor accident closes the life not only of a world-renowned botanist, but also of one of French Canada's most colorful personalities. His was a double career. As director of the Montreal Botanical Gardens he was a tireless and enthusiastic research worker, officially honored by the provincial government for his great influence on the practical progress of agriculture. As professor of botany at McGill University he was more than a scientist acknowledged as truly outstanding by many of the leading scientific societies all over the world; he was more than a conscientious public servant; he was a man with rare human understanding, fascinated by the beauty and wonder of his subject. While as an accurate scientist he could not do without greenhouses and laboratories, he infinitely preferred to observe the workings of nature out in the fields and hills, under the blue sky, and he has carried his explorations into the remotest regions of Canada. There is nobody left in Canada who knows as much as he knew about Canadian flora. His students loved him for his constant efforts to rescue them from the tyranny of the text-books, and it is significant that he was killed while returning to Montreal from one of the exploratory trips to the Laurentians which he took so often with his students. He will always be remembered for his efforts to create what he called a "breathable scientific atmosphere" in Quebec.

The Passing Show

THE election slogan of the Liberals is said to be "King or Chaos". We don't know who this Chaos is, but he might get a lot of votes.

•

First the Germans were going to march into London. Then they did manage to fly over it. Now all they can do is throw things at it from Calais.

•

Himmler may be a good police chief, but he will never be able to drip hate over the radio like dear old Adolf.

•

There has been a lot of talk about an alleged Peace Now Campaign in Ontario. There is only one Peace Now Campaign in which Canadians are interested, and General Montgomery is running it.

•

There is some truth in the observation of a Sydney, N.S., newspaper that the reason why the Russians are fighting so well may be because they don't have to worry about the menace of Communism.

•

The Germans are out of Luck. It was captured last week by the Ukrainian Army.

•

Gallup Poll says that 90 per cent of American Democrats want Roosevelt for presidential candidate. The other ten per cent we presume want the Republicans to win.

•

Gandhi has abandoned civil disobedience, but we are unclear whether he is going in for civil obedience or uncivil disobedience.

•

Before the Quebec campaign ends we expect to hear the argument that the Red Cross blood bank is just a device to drain the last drop of the fluid from the veins of the unlucky habitant.

•

Reflection on the Mutability of Human Affairs

Death comes alike to Fuehrers and to Duces,
To proletarians, potentates and pooches.

•

What the Japanese Co-Prosperity Sphere needs seems to be a little more co-prosperity.

•

A missing Wisconsin professor has been discovered working as a laundry driver, which just shows that in America there is no limit to what an ambitious man can rise to.

•

A U.S. court ruled that *Esquire* is not an educational publication, from which we conclude that Americans are supposed to know all about the human figure anyhow.

•

Canada's new motto: From each according to his ability; to each according to the number of his children.

•

It is seditious in Germany to reprint the Fuehrer's old speeches. The loyal German is required to forget that they were ever made.

•

It has taken several million lives to convince Germans that the Heil Hitler salute was a silly business, but we think the job has been done.

•

To Students of Typing

"Now is the time for all good men to come to
the aid of the Party."
Students type it again and again with energy
fine and hearty,
Because eighteen of the letters used in our
gentle English tongue
Appear in this; which may have excused such
politics for the young.

Couldn't we change it round a bit in view of the
world's wild rage?
(Grandpa's slogans can make no hit in this
tempestuous age.)
Navy ratings, (Ahoy, me lads!), pilots, infantry, all who fight
Hirohito's and Hitler's cads need a motto that
has some bite.

Write on your Remingwoods, my hearties, write
it, *think it* again and again,
"Now is the time for all good Parties to come
to the aid of our men!"

J. E. M.

•

If there is no General Strike in Germany yet there is at least a considerable strike of Generals.

•

The Democrats in their platform call for a world free press. They want every nation to have its own Col. McCormick.

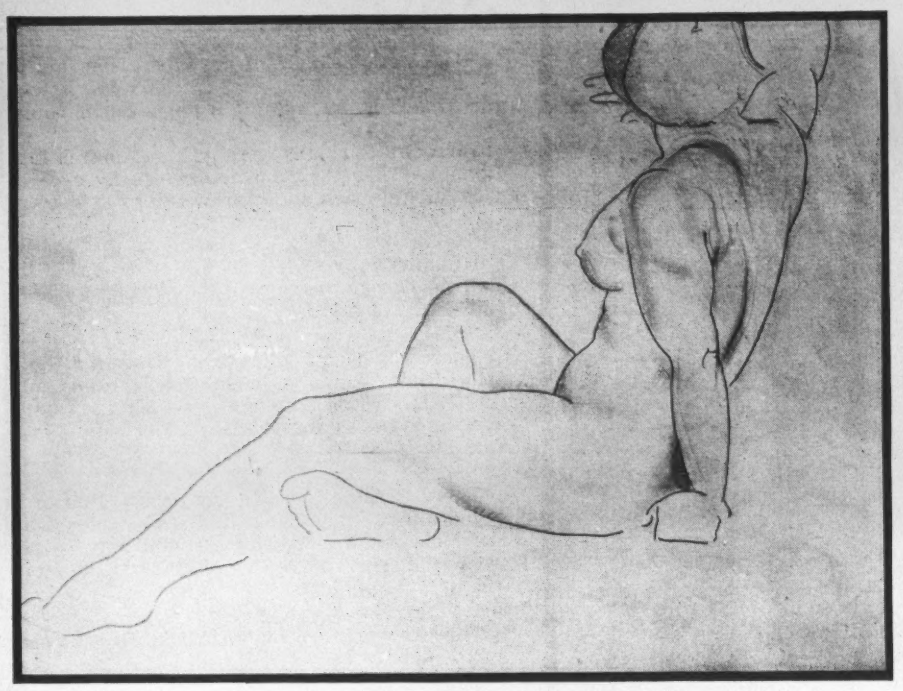
•

A country that bonuses babies might conceivably say that when they are grown up they will have to fight for it.

•

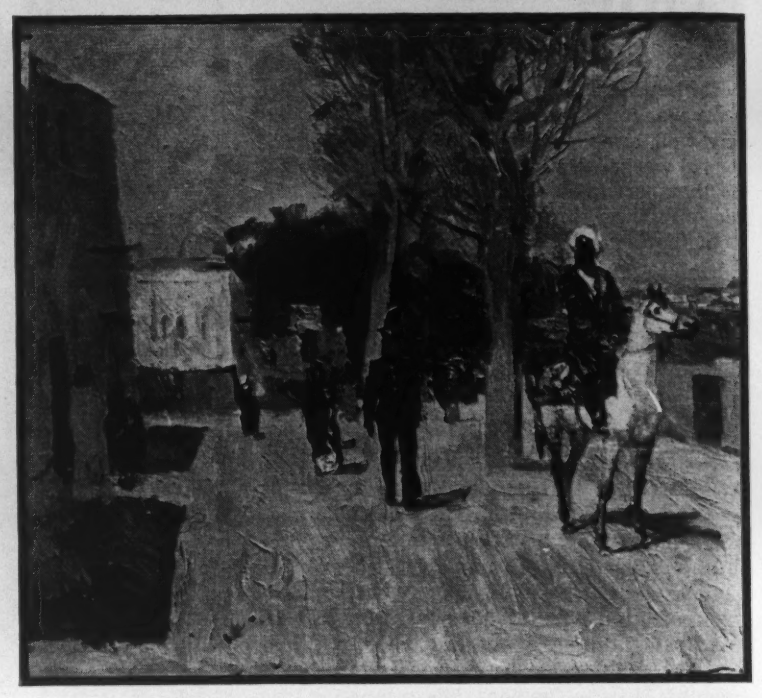
Peace is beginning to break out in Germany.

Art and Artists Flourish in Wartime Russia



Line Drawing, by Vera Mukhina, Stalin Prize Winner.

Pushkin, Head by Sara Lebedeva.



Samarkand, by Sergei Gerasimov, Merited Worker of the Arts.

By R. S. Williamson

Moscow.

"ONE of the first things that happened to Soviet artists when war began was that they found themselves on the artistic battle line," said Nikolai Feodorovich Denisovsky, famous artist and portrait painter, director of "Okno-Tass", the Soviet agency of visual propaganda, agitation and education, when I visited its workshop where Russian war posters are produced.

From the very first days of the war, he went on, every artist has felt that he must do all within his power to help the country. Everybody — landscape painters, portraitists, miniaturists, cartoonists — people of every conceivable school—has united in this great creative effort. "Besides working as hard and as much as we can turning out war posters," Denisovsky said: "All of us carry on with our own painting. There is no way of satisfying the demand for paintings in Russia in wartime . . . "

I questioned this. It seemed to me that Russia had many other things to think about rather than paintings.

"You are wrong," Osip Brik, director of the literary division, contributed. "You are very wrong. We have never had as much love for painting as today. Even when the Germans stood fifteen miles from Moscow, we had an exhibition of Russian landscapes in our galleries. Soldiers lay in trenches all night long, and in the daytime when relieved, came to see the pictures."

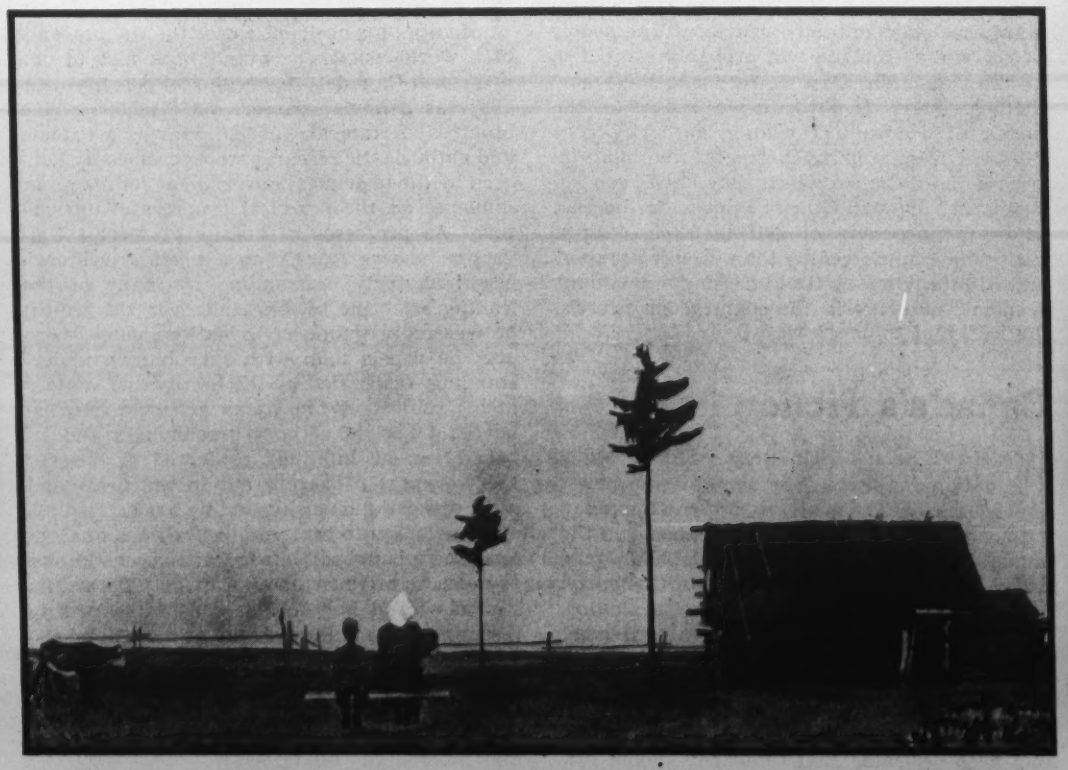
Recently an exhibition of works by six outstanding Soviet artists was held at the State Tretyakovsky Gallery in Moscow. The six artists whose works were shown were Vera Mukhina, People's Artist of the U.S.S.R., Stalin Prize winner; Peter Konchalovsky and Dementy Shmarinov, both Stalin Prize winners, Sergei Gerasimov, Merited Worker of the Arts, Alexander Deineka and Sara Lebedeva.

Altogether some 400 works were exhibited, most of which had been done during the war. These pictures of some of the more outstanding exhibits give a fairly good idea of Soviet wartime painting, although only one photographed exhibit (Girl Guerilla Fighter) refers to a war subject.

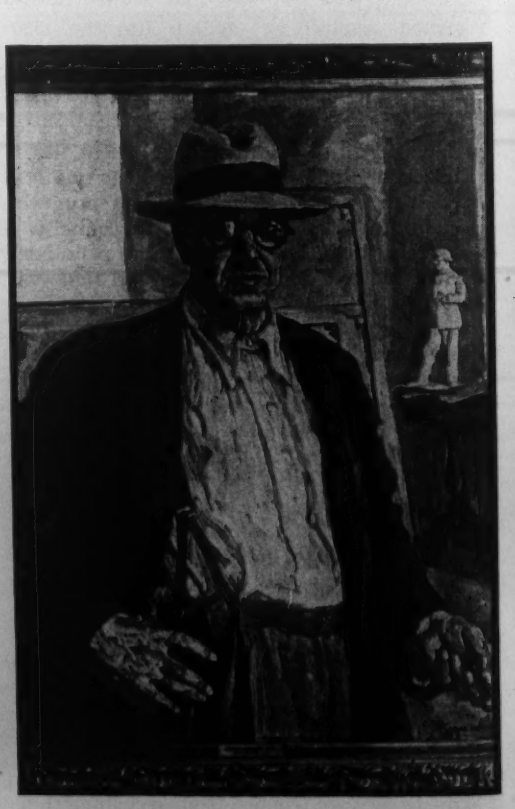
Illustration to Dostoevsky's novel, "Crime and Punishment", by D. Shmarinov, Stalin Prize Winner.

Girl Guerilla Fighter. This head by Vera Mukhina is the only exhibit which reflects the war.

Another illustration to "Crime and Punishment", by Dementy Shmarinov.



Evening, by Alexander Deineka. Strikingly simple in composition, this painting with its almost puppet-like figures creates an unusual atmosphere of peace and vast distances.



Self Portrait, by Peter Konchalovsky. No one could look more solidly British.

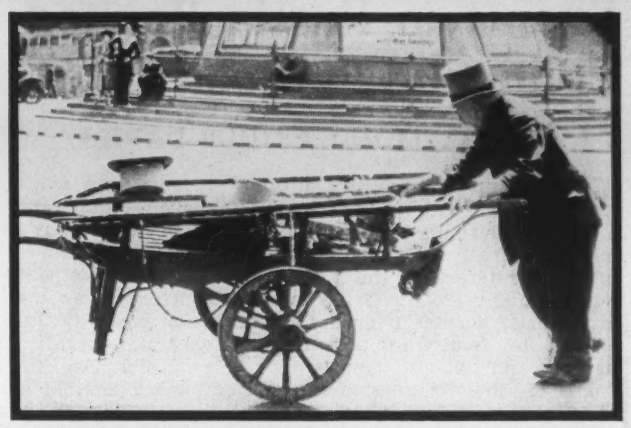
Piccadilly the "Main Street" of Warring World

Piccadilly Circus, with view towards Shaftesbury Avenue. Incessantly, the traffic surges around the boarded-up statue of Eros.

"GOOD-BYE, Piccadilly!" is still, as in the days of the last war and in the words of that famous song, "Tipperary", the parting salute of any soldier, sailor, airman leaving London. Actually, it is Piccadilly Circus with its hubbub of life and ever-changing crowds that figures prominently in everybody's mind, and the Circus is today almost busier than ever. War has added color to its elegance—the color of the various uniforms of all Allies. Of these, the Americans have a heavy preponderance, due partly to the existence nearby (in Shaftesbury Avenue) of the Rainbow Corner Club, but mainly to the traditional appeal of the name. To Americans, Piccadilly Circus is "London's Times Square" (just as, to Englishmen, Times Square is "New York's Piccadilly Circus").

Here, in the Circus, many famous streets meet: Regent Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly itself, Coventry Street, and not directly hitting the Circus, Haymarket. Famous stores surround it, the underground has half a dozen entrances right inside the Circus, and the traffic spins round the boarded-up statue of Eros in never-ending stream. The character of the motorized traffic has changed, of course, just as suits and dresses have changed into uniforms: Now there are hardly any private cars at all, it is lumbering big red buses, grey or camouflaged army trucks, a few (always engaged) taxicabs, cars of the Diplomatic Corps, and bicycles and motorbikes of messengers.

Since D-Day London has temporarily been denuded of its troops, and uniforms are once more in a minority in downtown streets and public places. But not for long. As additional reinforcements arrive from overseas they will inevitably gravitate to London's Hub, for the fame of Piccadilly is worldwide. Troops back in England on leave will help to swell the throngs and Piccadilly will regain its familiar air of bustling life and ever-changing crowds.



"Old George", famous London salvage man, is never seen without his topper or the familiar barrow.

Robed scholar from ancient Christ Hospital School. Rt.—French airman with fair young English girl.

He buys "her" posy from one of Piccadilly's famous flower "girls." Rt.: Another kind of "Snowdrop" (cockney nickname for American M.P.)

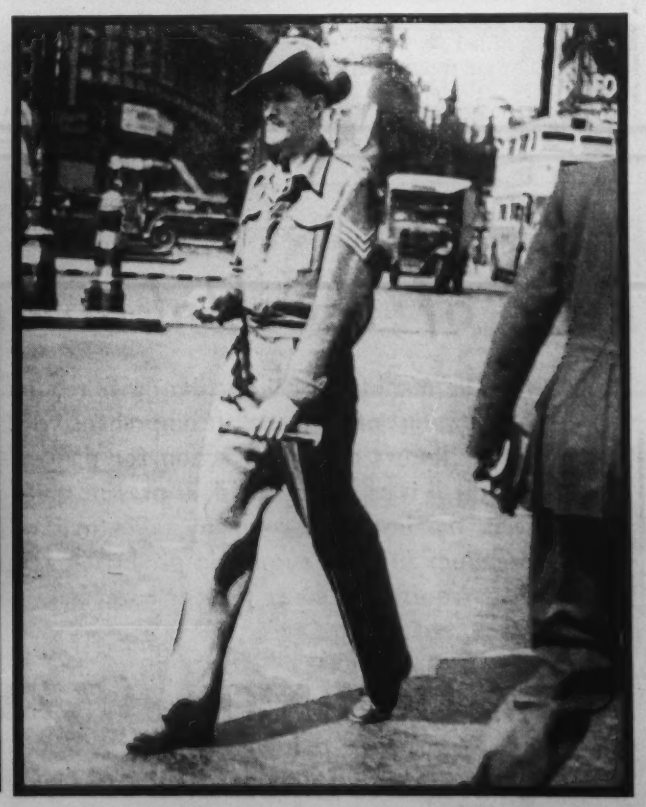
A pair of young lovers stroll under the arches that lead to Regent Street. Wars may come and go—but—

ATS Police girls vigilantly cross the Circus ahead of British sailor and Scottish officer in kilts.

All the world's in uniform. Here U.S. negro soldiers, and right, New Zealand soldier and sailor cross the Circus in bright sunshine.

A typical crossing throng—American sergeant with Land Army girl, working folk with baby in make-shift "pram", some Tommies on leave.

Hello Canada! A cheerful trio of Canadian Service girls, members of the C.W.A.C. go swinging past.



Tall, nonchalant Australian sergeant walks leisurely along. Australia House is just five minutes' walk.

CABLED FROM RUSSIA

Events in Russia Pointed Towards Political Outbreak in Germany

By RAYMOND ARTHUR DAVIES

THE attempt on Hitler's life, followed by the reported creation of a new German Imperial Government, naturally has challenged tremendous interest on the part of the Soviet public. People listen to radio broadcasts, gather in groups on the streets to read the posted newspapers and sit in parks and in front of their homes deliberating upon events. Everywhere there is an awareness of something big going on, of something happening which will change or has changed the course of the war and bring victory sooner. Side by side with this there is no desire to slacken the struggle. Everyone appears to understand that this is the time for heavier and heavier blows, the time to drive further the wedge created in German morale and German unity and to split it asunder.

These new developments have not been altogether unexpected. It will be remembered that two months ago your correspondent described the struggle within the German command which resulted in the court-martialling of generals who had lost battles on the Soviet front. Following that, wider and wider schisms developed and after catastrophic defeats imposed by the Russians in Byelo-Russia, the German command appeared ready for deep and decisive disintegration.

The first warning signal of this process was the appearance in the Soviet Press, July 15, of an order by Lieut.-General Muller, Commander of the Twelfth German Corps, in which he told his men to surrender on July 8. This marked the first time since the war began that a German general had officially ordered his men to surrender. Until then, surrenders which had occurred, such as at Stalingrad, were said to be only the result of a battle to the end.

Muller's order forecast similar further developments. During my trip to Minsk where the Russians kept bringing into the city hundreds upon hundreds of prisoners from surrounded and destroyed German groupings in the forests, I had an opportunity to speak with German soldiers and low ranking officers and they all showed considerable weakening in morale as compared with prisoners I had seen at Odessa and Khersones peninsula some months earlier. Three Germans even surrendered to correspondents, something which had not happened before in this war on the Eastern Front, and another testimony to progressively disintegrating morale. At Minsk we were told that German Generals, Colonels and Majors were showing a similar breakdown.

When the Russians paraded 57,000 German prisoners through Moscow, at the head of which were nineteen generals and nearly a thousand other officers, it was clear that a new stage in the war situation had been reached. Although the generals appeared proud and tried to maintain their dignity and calm, one could almost read in their faces the conviction that the war had been lost for them and that they felt the responsibility lay outside themselves.

Meanwhile unknown to the world, and certainly to correspondents here, deep political discussions were taking place in various prison camps in the Soviet Union where German officers were kept. Members of the Free German Committee and a German Officers' Committee for days and nights discussed the developing situation with newly-arrived generals and officers and these discussions brought fruit in the publication, July 19, of a sensational statement by Lieut.-General Edmund Hofmeister, former Commander of the Forty-first German Tank Corps, who was taken prisoner near Bobruisk.

Early Points of Discord

In his statement, after describing his own rise and events leading to his capture, General Hofmeister made four significant points:

One. That strategy which Hitler directed led to the defeat at Stalingrad and shook the faith of the German people and the German army in Hitler's military leadership. This faith was still further shaken by the retirement of Colonel General Halder becauses he did not agree with such strategy.

Two. There was a deep and unbridgeable chasm between old and experienced German generals and new generals such as Rommel who had Hitler's trust.

Three. That experienced generals were skeptical about Hitler's speeches and feel that to re-establish the situation at the front not speeches, but soldiers, guns, tanks and planes which are not available, were needed.

Most important of all. Hofmeister concluded that "Germany will have to decide how she can create foundations for discussions concerning peace with other states; with Hitler they will not deal, therefore other pre-conditions must be created."

If one were to take Hofmeister's statement seriously, and there was no reason not to, then it was reasonable to expect further developments in direct proportion to powerful Red Army drives and Russian penetration to German frontiers.

Uprising no Accident

So it happened. Events, July 20, in Germany were no accident, of course. They were the result of the successful invasion of the European continent by the Allies and the continued unprecedented advances of the Red Armies on all fronts which German armies have proved to be unable to hold up for more than a short time at any point. These blows, supplemented by those from Italy created breaches in the so-called Fortress Europe and have in effect crumbled the whole concept of the existence of such a fortress. The German people are now beginning to see that the war is irretrievably lost, and those who have some power, especially the Generals, have begun to act to try and save their crumbling empire.

One other thing contributed to suddenly exposing the crevices in German war morale. This was the complete failure of Germany's supreme secret weapon, the robot planes. The Hitlerites trumpeted long and loudly how with this weapon they were going to eliminate Britain, throw back Allied troops and then again, turn on Russia. German officers on the Eastern Front used these exact words, when speaking to Ilya Ehrenbourg, famous Russian publicist a few days ago.

But the reaction of the British people in "taking it" showed to the whole world and even to German morons who thought they could win this war that their vaunted weapon had failed. Beyond this Hitler had nothing to show or to promise. Beyond this only rank defeat and ruin faced the Hitlerites and Hitlerite Germany. And the Generals acted.

As this is written rumors follow upon rumors. But it is obvious that what the Allies must do now is to drive with all they have.

Your correspondent believes the Russians look at the whole situation most realistically. Anything that weakens Germany at this time is fine and must be helped in every way. And true to this maxim, yesterday, Artillery General Seidlitz taken at Stalingrad, Vice-President of the Free German Committee and head of the German Officers' Committee, broadcast to Germany calling for the destruction of Hitler and his entourage.

War and politics have always been interconnected. Yet never has there been a time before when they were so interlinked as now. The Allied Armies in driving ahead into Hitler's lair are playing politics on a grand scale. Every new blow weakens Hitler. And whether the present revolt or revolts in Germany will succeed or not, every mile our troops advance brings victory nearer. The problem of Germany's tomorrow can be left for tomorrow. Today everyone against Hitler fights on our side.

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European Relief Should Be Free from Strings

By G. A. WOODHOUSE

Conferences soon must take place to decide the economic devices by which the liberated countries of Europe are to be rehabilitated.

Mr. Woodhouse points out that immediate relief and long-term planning can't be separated. His suggestion is that the first relief be given without any economic agreement and that it be forgotten by both sides.

THE situation regarding General De Gaulle in recent months has highlighted what will be a vexing problem of the future.

De Gaulle's talks with the Allied leaders have had as their main concern the immediate economic and political questions that a France liberated after four full years of subjection will provide. In particular, the problem of the franc rate and the spending power that should be permitted to the armies of liberation dominated the economic side of discussion. These talks between the new France and the United Nations are a precursor of the conferences that must soon take place so as to affirm, not alone the short-term economic devices by which the liberated countries will contrive to manage their still-anomalous affairs, but also the broad basis on which long-term development must proceed.

Co-Operation Important

The principle which will determine this longer planning is that of co-operation, the principle of the Atlantic Charter, but it is not enough that the idea of co-operation should be accepted and put into practice without full cognizance of the fundamental precepts of economics. Co-operation by itself does indeed postulate an economic danger. Given goodwill, there is nothing so easy in achieving results, nothing so well qualified to allay the intellectual torment of detailed planning, as co-operation.

It overrides economic dogma by ignoring it. It says merely that what we have and you need we give. But this, patently, will not do for ever. The necessity is for Europe to bring herself back to the position wherein her constituent parts do those economic jobs for which they are best qualified, and wherein there is no false impediment to the development of natural resources, or to the interchange of goods and services. Such considerations are not properly the concern of an immediate function of "relief", nor, except by derivation, are they the concern of UNRRA, though the scope of this organization's activities has already been stretched far beyond mere relief.

It would not matter what initial economic measures were adopted, provided they did the necessary primary job of relief, if it were not for the inescapable fact that they will, whether we like it or intend it or not, be father to the long-term planning that will follow, and it is the extent of their influence of that broad planning that should be a concern even in the immediate post-liberation phase when it will seem so desirable to everyone that nothing should count except that Europe is given what she most needs. It will appear unnaturally hard to suggest that there should be any qualification whatsoever of this sort, but it is the function of the economist to be apart from sentiment, and it is the job of the economist rather than the sentimentalist to arrange the initial measures of economic succor as well as to scheme for the broad development of Europe afterwards.

No Hangovers

In the end, however, there is an obvious and simple solution. Let all the measures of succor be freely arranged, but without there being any hangover from them. Let them not be framed even within the formal shape of an international economic agreement, let them not even be Lend-Lease. Let succor be given and forgotten by both sides alike. This way the danger of a confusion afterwards is avoided.

That liberated Europe will need a substantial degree of economic assistance is as obvious as the fact that she will not for a considerable time be able to reassert her old position in world economics. It is not so much that there has been a literal destruction of much wealth and of many of the sources of wealth, but that there has been a basic distortion of the whole European economic apparatus.

The Germans saw no France, no Netherlands, no Czechoslovakia, no Belgium, no Greece, no anything except areas within a Greater Germany, and they moved industry and labor, plant and materials, to where they seemed, to the Greater German mind, to fit most appropriately into the big scheme. And the big scheme was not simply a war scheme but a long-range peace scheme also.

What did that mean? It meant that the economic entity of these countries was very largely destroyed, and destroyed not on paper, by a new conception of Europe, but in fact, by a redistribution of industry and all its attributes. This is a most important consideration to be borne in mind by the planners, and it is obviously one whose implications are very different for long-term planning than for short-term measures of relief.

Fortunately, there are signs that the whole matter is being approached realistically right from the beginning. The United Nations have seen the need for a limitation of the purchasing power of their liberating armies, and de Gaulle has seen the importance of not insisting on too much too soon. It is a fair beginning.

It will be a long time before the old economic shape of Europe appears. Possibly, indeed, the old shape never will re-appear, not because it cannot be reproduced but because the Germans may, for their very wrong ends, have indicated to Europe certain economic means capable of adjustment to their own desires. Insofar as such new indications appear, they must be directed towards a new coherence and interdependence in Europe, and that would be no bad thing.

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THE OTTAWA LETTER

Bretton Woods Has Put Canada At Front of the Small Nations

By G. C. WHITTAKER

WHICH side are you on: the affirmative side which supports the resolution that Canada is able and entitled to be the leader of the small nations in international affairs arising out of the war, or on the negative side which, influenced by our lingering and hard-to-shake inferiority complex, maintains that as a country we are still too insignificant for that?

There is such an issue, you know, and it is well that it should be recognized and brought into the open. If it serves no other purpose it will afford some mild relaxation from the strain of the war, giving us an interest alternative to the more burning issue of what to do about Quebec.

Some make a purely academic approach to it, holding that it does not matter greatly how it is resolved. Others are active and earnest protagonists on one side or the other. Of the latter, some of those on the affirmative side seem to believe that a tide is rolling in the affairs of this nation which, taken at the flood, can lead to a bright and useful destiny. Others on the same side, while content to let our destiny take care of itself, figure it is just plain common sense for us to seek to capitalize the part we have taken in the war and the recognition we have received, both for promoting our usefulness in the world and for serving our own national interests.

Those on the negative side are also divided loosely into two groups. The first, made up of people who like to regard themselves as hard-headed realists, consider that it is a foolish and futile dissipation of our energies to seek to advance our prestige in the manner suggested; foolish because there will be plenty of useful employment for our energies in the postwar world in the production and selling of goods, futile because the older and more experienced of the small nations are bound to resent and resist any pretension to leadership on Canada's part as that of an upstart whose interests in many respects are different from theirs. The other group on the negative side is made up largely of those who do not want any such new issue coming into competition with the old reliable argument as to whether our future properly lies in emphasizing our position as an Empire country or in still closer association with the United States.

Gains at Conference

What we are coming to is a rough interim toting up of the score. It appears to be time for this because, although the debate is still far from being finished, it is evident even from the sidelines that points are piling up impressively for the affirmative. One of the biggest gains made by the affirmative side has just been registered at the monetary conference of the United Nations at Bretton Woods. It was registered both in the conduct and course of the conference and in its outcome. The business of the conference was too far outside the understanding of laymen in general for what went on at Bretton Woods to have warranted very full reporting in the daily press. This is regrettable, particularly in regard to Canada, not merely because the business of Bretton Woods was just about as important to Canadians as to the people of any other country and more important than to the people of many countries which participated, but more especially because at Bretton Woods Canada received a substantial dividend on her investment in the cause of world freedom and advancement or world revolution, whichever you prefer to call it. In a broad sense the dividend is in the progress made by that cause at Bretton Woods. In a more particular sense it is in the contribution Canada was able and permitted to make to that progress.

In the deliberations and decisions at Bretton Woods "the big three"—the United States, Britain and Russia—exercised, of course, the dominant influence, and, naturally enough, in the order named. Our information is not yet as comprehensive as we could wish and we hope to supplement it shortly, but it appears from what is available that there was not at any stage or on any issue very serious cleavage. There were some conflicts of interest, some divergencies in the approach to the overall objective. The decisions reached may be taken as in the nature of a compromise of the views and desires of the three leading nations, shaded a little perhaps in favor of the United States and Britain where these were in harmony, and towards those of the United States where they were not. Only an unrelenting idealist would deny that this was as it should be, would insist that Canada, or Holland, or even China should have had as much authority over the deliberations and the decisions as the "great powers".

Next to Big Three

What this letter is presently concerned with is the indication that Canada's part in the conference—her influence on its decisions and her contributions to its success—was at least as close to being next in importance to that of the big three nations as the part of any of the other individual countries represented. The position of one or two other countries or groups of countries in world economy gave them a claim to special consideration which was recognized. China, for example, is a big factor in the war and will be a big factor in the peace. Especially she will be a big factor in postwar world trade, to facilitate which proposed international monetary policy is largely directed. France, whose restoration all desire, is a special case. India will also be a big factor and on that score merited special consideration. Considered as a group, as they appear to have insisted on being, the Latin-American countries had a particular claim. Canada on the other hand is in no peculiar position requiring special consideration. Her interests and her aims are pretty much the same as those of most other countries except that politically and commercially she is and is bound to be very closely associated with Britain and the United States although enjoying freedom from involvement in some of the special interests of both.

Canada was not, at Bretton Woods, a leader of the small nations in the sense that they followed her lead. There was no occasion for that. The point is that, apart from the special considerations mentioned, she probably had more to do with the direction of the conference, with the carrying through of the international monetary plan to the stage to which it has been carried, than any other country except the big three, as she unquestionably had had in the preliminary work of the last two years leading to the conference; and that in the basic framework provided for the operation of the plan she has been accorded precedence over all other small nations, only China and France and India intervening between the big three and this country.

Recognition

Canada's voice at Bretton Woods was not nearly as powerful as the voices of the United States, Britain, or Russia (although there is reason to believe that it was potent in securing reconciliation of any differences among the big three, as it had been at pre-conference stages in connection with differences between Britain and the United States). It seems to have been more powerful than that of any other individual country. That this is so, and that Canada has been placed as a subscriber to the proposed $8,800,000,000 international exchange stabilization fund in the position referred to and in approximately the same position in respect of international control of the plan, would seem to be pretty substantial recognition for this country as the foremost of the small nations in international economic affairs at least. As already suggested, it does not place her in the position of the leader of the small nations. There cannot be a leader without a following. It would seem to put her in a position where she would have a better chance than any other small nation of claiming attention for the views and the interests of small nations in international settlements and in the formulation of international policies and plans where these views and interests might contribute to world betterment by influencing the policies or attitudes of the big nations or even perchance by compelling their modification.

And if she has indeed attained to that position, is it too much to expect that other small nations would accept her leadership should occasions arise for their acting in concert? What would prevent this? Surely not rivalry or jealousy, as some would contend. European countries might be deterred through these considerations from accepting leadership from among themselves, whereas if they wanted leadership the availability of Canada for the purpose would afford them an opportunity of avoiding unprofitable competition among themselves. It will be argued that small European countries are likely to feel that Canada has not sufficient understanding of or interest in European problems and issues to equip her for acceptable leadership. This contention overlooks two considerations: that most countries in Europe as in the rest of the world fervently desire supreme leadership from the United States in world affairs notwithstanding that our great and good neighbor might be considered to be two years behind Canada in comprehension of and concern in these affairs and especially those pertaining to Europe, and that in the accepted prospectus of a better world the interests and problems of Europe like those of every other continent are global interests and problems.

But perhaps we shall see the question put to the test before so very long. At the summons of the United States the four principal powers are to confer in that country on plans for preserving peace after the war. It is to be assumed that, if they reach agreement among themselves, all the United Nations will be called in conference later. It may be seen then which of the nations below the level of the big four has the most potent voice.

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"And they're going to get all they need," says Lou. "I've seen our production go up and up until we've turned out more copper and copper alloys than ever seemed possible.

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"Part three, is doing without some of the things we'd like to have right now. You see, we know when the boys come back, they'll need jobs. That's when our spending will really count. So we're going to wait till then before we buy that new furniture and car and stove and refrigerator. Making those things'll give the boys jobs . . . and help us keep ours too . . . so we can turn out all the copper, brass and bronze for the rustproof pipes and tanks and eavestroughs and screens you'll be wanting then.

"Yes, folks, that's what we're doing at Anaconda . . . we're all earning a . . . Three Way Share in Victory."

ANACONDA Copper and Brass

Anaconda Copper & Brass

Allied Prisoners Fare Well in Switzerland

By WILSON POPHAM

It is estimated that there are more than seventy thousand refugees including Allied and German fighting men and escaped prisoners-of-war in Switzerland. Although Allied internees cannot be repatriated, Switzerland being entirely surrounded by German territory, they are much better off than in the Nazi prison camps and the Swiss are being very hospitable.

THE hundreds of British and Indian prisoners-of-war who escaped during a raid recently from the prison camp at Epinal and have reached the Swiss frontier will, in accordance with the "Laws of War" be repatriated as early as possible. As Switzerland is completely hemmed in by German-occupied territory, it is obvious that repatriation will not be possible until Allied armies reach the Swiss frontiers and in the meantime, these men will join the hundreds of other Allied servicemen, mostly from Italy, who have escaped into Switzerland. Their life will be made as comfortable as possible by the hospitable Swiss, infinitely better than life in a prisoner-of-war camp, although because of the circumstances of the war they cannot have complete freedom.

International law distinguishes between prisoners-of-war, and refugees who escape over a neutral frontier, and fighting men who enter a neutral country in the course of military action—either forced down from the air, forced back by land armies or brought ashore after a naval battle. These men have to be interned and prevented from taking any further part in hostilities. The term "internees" is sometimes used to distinguish them from "evadees."

Strictly they should be guarded, but free use is made of the parole system and in fact they enjoy considerable freedom. In Sweden a large manor house near Lake Hinsnoret has been set aside as an "international camp" for Allied airmen who have made forced landings, but there is no barbed wire and the men are permitted not only to visit the neighboring town of Falun, but even to have "leave" in Stockholm.

In Switzerland

The escaped prisoners-of-war in Switzerland, after surrendering to Swiss frontier guards, are taken to transit camps, for medical examination and quarantine for about three weeks. Formerly, no notification of the man's arrival was made until he left the transit camp, but now details are sent almost immediately to the British authorities in Switzerland. The biggest transit camp appears to be at Olten, but an ever-increasing number of evadees may mean alterations in the arrangements.

According to international law, if the neutral country cannot immediately return an escaped prisoner to his country, it must provide him with somewhere to live. There are about 20 of these "places of residence" which are generally converted schools, halls, factories, etc. and here the ex-prisoner comes under the care of a British officer who sees that he gets uniforms and clothing. His rations are on the same scale as those of a Swiss soldier and he is entitled to the same degree of comfort.

A number of officers and men have been entertained in Swiss homes and wherever possible the Swiss have arranged for their entertainment. For instance, they have given wireless sets and made it possible for many ex-prisoners to visit famous winter-sports resorts. Hundreds of men have learned to ski while in Switzerland. It is not possible to supply newspapers from Britain, because they cannot be transported through hostile territory.

The officers and men get a small allowance in cash—the minimum is twelve francs a day, not very much, but beer and tobacco are cheap and arrangements have been made for cheap canteens. The British government pays in full for every man and the basic reason why it is not possible for him to draw his pay in full is, of course, the difficulty of an adverse exchange.

In recent months a great deal has been done to avoid the monotony and boredom of life without work. The problem of letting ex-prisoners work is a difficult one for the Swiss authorities. They have their own difficulties with employment as well as a shortage of many commodities, but some public work schemes have been started and others discussed.

German Deserters

There are a tremendous number of German soldiers in Switzerland, presumably deserters, as well as Allied soldiers and for these Germany refuses to pay, demanding their return which would be against international law. Recently the Swiss Assembly suggested that they might be permitted to work on the land if farmers employing them would guarantee them.

The total of refugees in Switzerland probably exceeds 70,000, so that it will be seen the Swiss have no small problem. Moreover, they have to be prepared for sudden influxes. After the fall of France 30,000 French soldiers were interned. They were repatriated after the conclusion of hostilities between Germany and France. Battles in Europe might result in armies even larger being pushed against the Swiss frontier.

Boredom is the great enemy of the ex-prisoner and the International Red Cross has been busy devising educational courses and recreational facilities and supplying books, musical instruments etc. There is no doubt the vast majority of men would like work to help pass the waiting period until repatriation.

The internees are relatively few in number, although increasing with the "stepping up" of the air war. A special train had to be chartered in Sweden after one recent raid to carry 120 airmen who had been forced down. On more than one occasion Allied and German planes have been forced down on the same aerodrome in Switzerland.

WORKING HARDER?... HERE'S YOUR DISH

It's chicken noodle soup . . .
made with plenty of chicken

Busy folks
Need hearty food,
So our meals
Good soup include.

WITH SO MUCH for everyone to do these days, it's good, hungry-family nourishment that's needed . . . meals that build our energy.

Many such meals in many a home are being planned with the help of Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup. This hearty soup is rich with the taste of fine, plump chickens. In the golden, slowly simmered broth are tempting, tender pieces of chicken, along with plenty of good egg noodles for every bowl.

Why not have Campbell's hearty Chicken Noodle Soup at your table? Enjoy its old-fashioned nourishing richness and its delicious taste. Here is a soup to build a meal around. Ask your grocer for several cans today. Your family will love it.

KINDS TO CHOOSE FROM: Asparagus · Beef · Bouillon · Celery · Chicken with Rice · Chicken Gumbo · Chicken Noodle · Consommé · Cream of Mushroom · Mock Turtle · Ox Tail · Pepper Pot · Scotch Broth · Tomato · Vegetable · Vegetable-Beef · Vegetarian Vegetable

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PUTTING UP FRUITS AND VEGETABLES?

HELPING IN THE WAR EFFORT?

MADE BY CAMPBELL'S IN CANADA

The "South American Way" Isn't as Good as Ours

By DALE TALBOT

Look out for trouble, the writer says, if you're planning to live in one of the South American Republics. Those stories of cheap living are so much pipe-dreaming . . unless you happen to like living on hand-tooled saddles or ornamented spurs. And services, such as tailoring, plumbing, etc., resemble something out of a joke-book.

One most important point is not to think of living, and working, in South America unless you speak the language—Spanish or Portugese, South American style. You'll be helpless without it, and it's not too easy to learn.

Santiago, Chile.

"Why don't you do the way they do in Peru?
Why don't you play the South American way?"

IT SOUNDS all right in the song, but after two years of trying it, not only in Peru, but in Venezuela, Colombia, Chile, Argentina and Uruguay, I advise you to stay in Canada. Playing or working or living the South American way isn't what it's cracked up to be, but a lot of Canadians don't know it, if letters from friends mean anything.

In the first place, it isn't cheap to live in Latin America, notwithstanding stories you hear of people who awake at noon to lounge around some convenient tree until a delicious natural breakfast drops at their feet. If you want something down here you give with the money, just like in Canada, except that you give hard. Prices are much higher to begin with, and since there's an open season on gringo pocketbooks all year round, you can't possibly get by as cheaply as local people.

All talk about "living like the natives", and saving money, comes from the lips of people who see too many movies and who have never been farther south than Niagara Falls. If you lived like the average citizen in most of these countries, you'd be looked down upon by the people themselves, you'd be scorned completely by other outsiders, and you'd be putting yourself in a position where nobody who could help you to success would be bothered with you. I've seen men who've "gone native", and they're pretty sorry specimens.

Typical Prices

Therefore, anyone who comes to South America has to come on a basis of immediately making a respectable amount of money, or else has to bring with him enough savings to live well while he is finding a suitable job. Today, in Santiago, Chile, it costs me $7.50 Canadian for a shirt that you'd get in Toronto for $2.50. I paid $17.00 for a pair of shoes two months ago, and I've bought better shoes in Canada for six dollars. The sort of suit that the average Canadian wears costs a hundred dollars here, and a friend of mine last week paid $105.00 for an overcoat which would fall into the $40 bracket at home.

These prices aren't hand-picked for this article. They're average, typical prices for the sort of merchandise a Canadian instinctively expects. Naturally, you can buy cheaper things, but they're very poor quality. With the exception of Chilean wine and Argentine meals, I have found nothing down here that even approaches the low prices traditionally associated with life in South America.

I am talking, of course, about commonplace things . . . clothes, food, entertainment, personal essentials. I am not denying that in some small village you might find someone who'd make you a handsome, hand-tooled saddle, or ornamented spurs for a fraction of the Canadian price. But items of this sort are hardly associated with daily living and they aren't very good reasons for coming to South America. Down here, and especially in Chile, there are less middle-class people in the sense that we use the word. Merchandise is meant for the poor or the rich, with little choice between. And today, the prices of goods for the poor are so boosted by inflation that they are cheap in quality only.

Now, another important point. To succeed here, you've got to know the language. This is Spanish, or more strictly speaking, "Castellano", which means spanish as she is spoke in South America. The exception to this is Brazil, where Portuguese is used, which is much tougher. Faced with this language problem, there are three things you could do.

1. Come here and take time out to learn Spanish, using your own funds to live while you're doing it. You could do this in 9 to 12 months, with reasonable study and some aptitude. Of course, if you discover that you're one of those persons who just can't seem to learn, it will be a bit tough. You'll probably end up on a banana boat working your way home, if there are banana boats in your locality.

2. Get a job at home which would send you down here on the understanding that you'd learn the lingo as fast as you could. Nice work if you can get it. But after the war there may be more opportunities.

3. Learn Spanish at home where the overhead is less. It can be done because in Buenos Aires I met a young Canadian from Montreal who mastered Spanish in two years, working alone and with text books only.

Of course, with this method, you might find upon arrival that you couldn't understand a word the local boys were saying, especially Chileans and Argentinos who chew up the words and leave out "S" as much as possible. But being bright enough to have progressed this far, it would not be too hard to find your sea legs.

Now, here is a bit of a shock. In South America, the ability to speak Spanish and English is regarded about as enthusiastically as you'd regard a man who could write his name. Do you know what a competent Spanish-English office employee gets in Santiago? About 500 pesos weekly, which is about fifteen Canadian dollars. And often that girl or man can take shorthand in both languages, or they can translate as they type, which is not the easiest thing on earth.

Need More Than Spanish

So don't think that your ability to speak Spanish and the fact that you're from another country makes you a "muy importante" person who will be offered a fat salary enabling you to retire to a beautiful country fundo after working a couple of hours a day for five years. You've got to hold a better hand than that, otherwise you'll get the desk next to the fifteen-dollar-a-w e e k stenographer. The day has gone when the fact that you were a Spanish-speaking "extranjero" was more or less a ticket to opportunity. Language is vital, but in itself is insufficient to provide a decent living.

Technical ability is South America's crying need. South America struggles to keep up with the United States, and here and there are good men who could probably stand shoulder to shoulder with American technicians. There are some splendid doctors, and good dentists, and highly skilled research experts are doing brilliant work in various experimental fields. But the average technicians . . . plumbers, carpenters, electricians, welders, mechanics, in fact all men who work with tools, are inferior to their North American counterparts.

The things that happen to your possessions when you engage this local talent sound like extracts from a joke book. But your savings account doesn't think it's funny. For example, they wash suits here. That's their idea of a snappy cleaning job. They throw your nice new imported English woollen suit into a tub of soapy water as if it was a dirty shirt. I can assure you from personal experience that it comes back looking a bit queer.

Suits apparently don't like being washed and they go wrinkly and the padding in the shoulders seems to go permanently adrift. And, "por ultimo", as they say here, you are presented with a bill for about three times the cost of a first-class dry-cleaning job at home. In case you're interested, it takes 14 days to get your suit, or a reasonable facsimile, returned to you.

Anything that involves the need for mechanical or electrical skill, or carefully timed work, or exact and cautious procedure can produce more misery than an all-night binge. In matters of this sort, "Do It Yourself" is the Golden Rule for happiness in South America. If the refrigerator stops working, take it apart and have a look inside. It doesn't matter if you've never done this sort of thing before, because the "technician" they send probably hasn't either. And you're off to a head start because he won't come for a couple of days. And there's another point!

Manana? Next Month!

All the books tell you South America is the land of manana. Well, don't you believe them, because it isn't. It's the land of next week, or next month, not tomorrow. After all, tomorrow, to the Latin, is another way of saying today, and what's the use of rushing things?

Not far from where I live, there's a pressing establishment with a big sign "Suits Pressed in 15 Minutes". So one day I asked them if the suit I carried could be pressed by the following morning. "That is so soon!" said the proprietor, and as we settled for 4:30 next afternoon I figured I was doing all right.

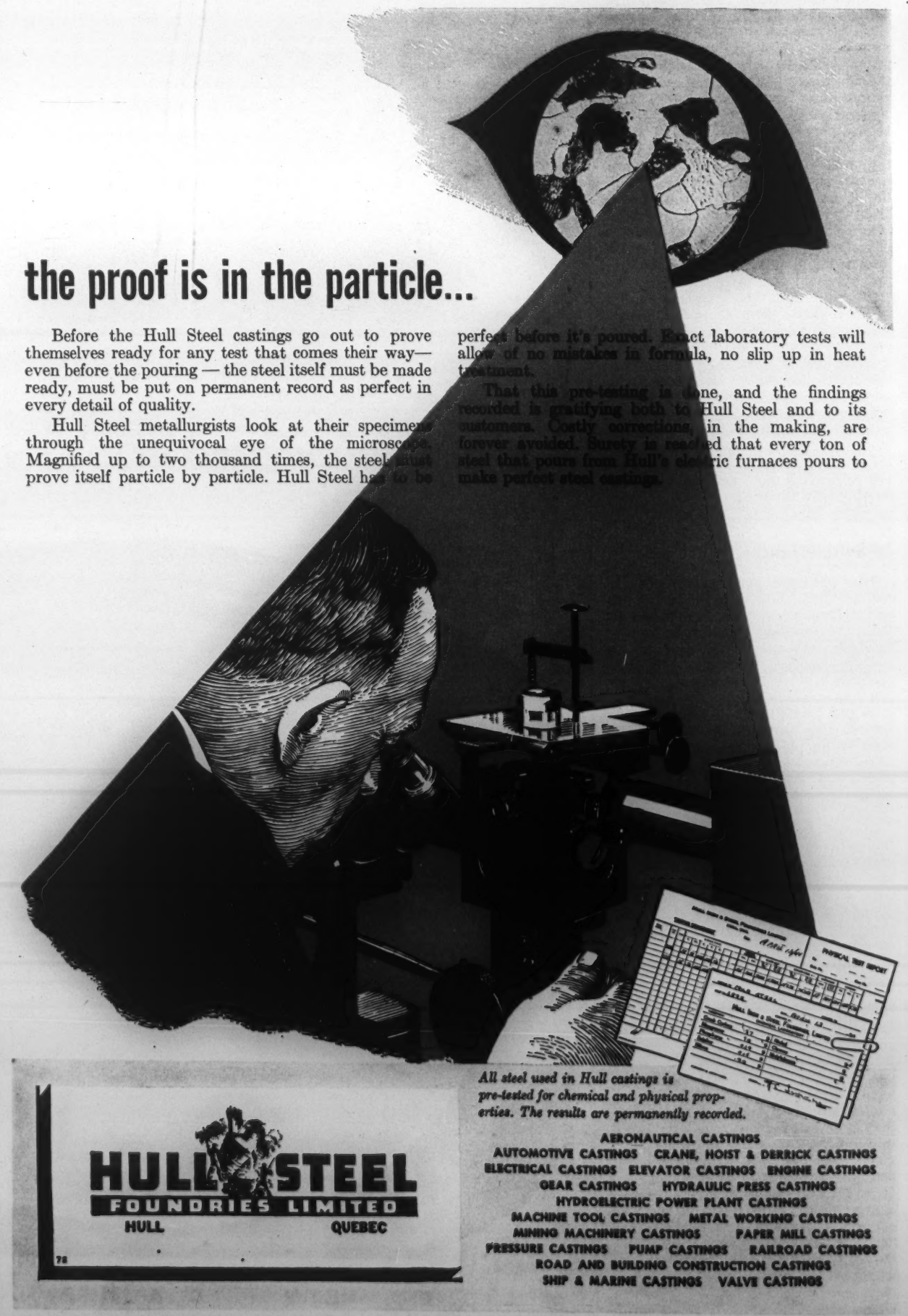
If I had said, "But your sign says fifteen minutes," the reply would have likely been, "Si, senor, that is so. But who, indeed, would want a suit pressed in fifteen minutes?" Getting things done quickly, or when promised, is one of the first things a visitor to South America learns not to expect, Buenos Aires providing the only exceptions I have personally experienced.

Since promises with respect to time mean nothing, the Latin's method of indicating when he is occasionally on the level is both amusing and complimentary. If he says "Hora Inglesa" ("English Time") you know that for once he means business, and you are expected to act accordingly.

If you're still set on coming south of the border, all I can do now is wish you well. And if the day comes when you land a job that will send you down here, remember one thing more: You won't find yourself back home in six months. You'll be down here for two or three years, maybe five. You must be prepared to think in terms of living here. So include in your calculations an item which I would name "compensation-for-having-to-live-in-South-America Allowance".

I mean this: Over and above a reasonable salary and allowance for the high cost of things, you must get an extra sum. This is your pay for all the irritations and shortcomings that life in South America brings. Because no matter how much money you receive, you still share with the poorest citizen many things which are not up to Canadian standards.

You may suffer from a poor transportation system, or a bad water or gas supply, and there are many other things, among them inefficient police and fire departments, so you should be compensated accordingly.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Before the Hull Steel castings go out to prove themselves ready for any test that comes their way—even before the pouring — the steel itself must be made ready, must be put on permanent record as perfect in every detail of quality.
Hull Steel metallurgists look at their specimens through the unequivocal eye of the microscope. Magnified up to two thousand times, the steel must prove itself particle by particle. Hull Steel has to be perfect before it's poured. Exact laboratory tests will allow of no mistakes in formula, no slip up in heat treatment.
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SHIP & MARINE CASTINGS VALVE CASTINGS

Modern Warfare Hasn't Outmoded the Horse

By LT.-COL. W. L. RAWLINSON

At the start of the war horse cavalry was discarded by all the United Nations' armies except Russia. The Red Army, however, has made excellent use of horse troops, and recently in Sicily and Italy our own soldiers have been unofficially commandeering horses for scout and patrol work and various other tasks.

Colonel Rawlinson suggests that this should prompt us to consider the reinstatement of cavalry in the Canadian Army.

ONE day early in the fall of 1940 a quiet drama was enacted at St. John's, Quebec. A horse auction was held. The horses of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, Canada's permanent cavalry regiment, were led one by one into the market square and sold to the highest bidder. To the comparatively few gathered for the sale it was a sad moment watching these fine army mounts being sold out of the service. And to horsemen all across Canada the moment was equally sad because the sale marked the end of the cavalry in the Canadian Army. All horse units had been mechanized and the sale of the mounts marked the end of the road for this army wing which had been an outstanding tradition in our military history. The end—or so most thought.

When the army first talked of eliminating cavalry many of us objected. It was good enough to convert some cavalry units to mechanized regiments, for cavalry training was adaptable to mechanized tactics and cavalrymen therefore had the best training for the new mobile war, but we couldn't agree with the complete elimination of the horse from army life. It had proven too useful and too effective in the past, and too adaptable, so we thought, to be completely done away with.

Cavalry Purged

But those were the early days of mechanized war and the limits of fighting on wheels, not yet having been fully tested, were believed to be unbounded. In 1940 the United Nations (or rather in those days the United-Nations-to-be) observed the German advance and could vision nothing but more wheels and engines. No army command could see the horse competing with tanks, carriers, motorcycles and other vehicles that could cover many miles of ground in an hour, and the purge of cavalry that followed was general through most of the Allied armies, including the British, American and Canadian.

In the nearly four years of war since then many lessons have been learned. Through the test of fighting in Russia, Africa and the Far East, and of contact with practically every type of terrain, military science has undergone a thorough refurbishing. And one of the principles that has slowly been evolving is that the horse is still an army indispensable.

It was in the days when Russia was in its direst straits that military experts first had cavalry brought to their notice in this war. The Red Army is the one great Allied force that has never done away with mounted troops and when the Russian back was to the wall near Moscow, and in the streets of Stalingrad, the outside world began reading occasional, but increasingly frequent, accounts of cavalry action, and finally in November and December of 1941 it was masses of cavalry that swung the tide of battle in the defence of Moscow. This will be recalled as the Russian triumph which General Douglas MacArthur described as "the greatest military achievement in all history."

The next fall cavalry in conjunction with mechanized units pierced the German ring around Stalingrad and provided the break-through that was the turning point in the Soviet-German war.

Apologists at the time could, and did, say that the Russians lacked mechanical equipment. But as the trend of the offensive turned in favor of the Russians there were many more reports of cavalry action, until today it is the usual thing to read of positions being saved and bold breakthroughs being made by Cossack cavalry. Just a short time ago the Cossacks were reported advancing through the Balaklava - Inkerman gap, through which the "Light Brigade" charged ninety years ago. And today the Red Army is as highly mechanized as any.

There is a lesson closer to home, however, to be gained from the experience of our own forces fighting in Sicily and Italy.

Horses in Sicily

Our men had scarcely landed in Sicily when it became apparent that even the Universal Carrier, probably the most mobile vehicle yet developed, was ineffective for reconnaissance on the Sicilian terrain. Already in Tunisia Canadian ingenuity in the person of a French-Canadian sergeant-major attached to the British Army had been responsible for raising a horse patrol which had proved highly successful on scouting expeditions. The Sicilian force adopted this scheme and it was general practice to commandeer horses to act as mounts for infantry scouts. Recently in Italy the British and American armies, and our Canadian units have been commandeering horses and mules to act as both pack animals and cavalry mounts.

This has been done for four reasons.

One is that it has been found that in rough, mountainous country such as the terrain encountered in Italy, the horse is the only means of transport that can be depended on to maintain advances and supply lines. A second reason is that in territory which has been heavily mined, cavalry can advance over open country and avoid the mine-fields.

Again it has been found that nothing excels horse-troops for surprise attacks, particularly in difficult country. Mounted soldiers, advancing over ground that is impassable to mechanized vehicles, can make their way with much greater speed than foot-troops and often catch the enemy many hours before he expects an attack. This is elementary military science of course, but it has been proven still valuable.

A final advantage reacting to the benefit of horse-troops is that in the case of air attack they usually fare better than other units, being readily dispersable and able to advance over a wide front.

Used by Enemy

Reports and photographs from Italy have spoken increasingly of horse units but so far as is known their use is still casual and they have not yet been put on an official basis by any of the armies—except the French who have had Moroccan cavalry, known as Goumiers, in regular and gallant action. On the enemy's side, however, further proof of the worth of horse-troops was supplied by Italian cavalry amongst whom American paratroopers were unfortunate enough to land in the Sicilian campaign.

Certainly it may be taken for granted that all army leaders are considering the return of cavalry as regular army units. Even with the war in Europe over there still will be the Pacific campaign to be completed, and in that theatre with its trying terrain the horse should be invaluable both as a pack animal and a fighting mount.

The Canadian Army, many of us hope, will be one of the first to recognize officially the new trend and reinstate army horse units, but even lacking this the Dominion still can play a part in the renaissance of the horse by supplying mounts.

Canada has many surplus horses that could be trained for military use. Some estimates say that the number available would approach a hundred thousand. These are horses which at present are not worked and which of course represent a considerable annual loss. The situation regarding their feeding is actually getting to be a very real problem in the West. Canadian requirements, if it were decided to reinstate horse-troops would not run much beyond a brigade, which would need about two thousand horses. The surplus would be a very welcome addition to the fighting forces of the United Nations in many parts of the world—including Italy right at this moment.

THE OTHER PAGE

Suitable contributions to "The Other Page" will be paid for at regular rates. Short articles, verse, epigrams or cartoons of a humorous or ironical or indignant nature are what the editors are seeking. Preference is for topical comment. Address all contributions to "The Other Page", Saturday Night, 73 Richmond St. W., Toronto.

IT'S THE WORLD'S BEST MIXER

It's amazing how much better a drink tastes when mixed with Canada Dry's Sparkling Water. And why not? It's triple-purified, vitalized by pin-point carbonation!

IT'S ALKALINE — Special ingredients give it a definitely alkaline reaction.

IT'S VITALIZED — Pin-point carbonation gives it that million-bubble sparkle.

IT LIVENS FLAVOUR — It points up flavour—makes any drink taste better.

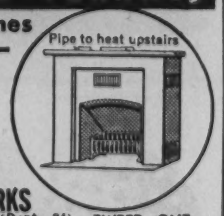
3 CONVENIENT SIZES

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING CLUB SODA

FIREPLACE FURNACE

For Summer Homes and Cottages—

draws cold air out of room—sends hot air in to replace it instead of heating outside—circulates air—saves fuel—no more cold evenings at cottage.



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TWEED STEEL WORKS LIMITED (Dept. 84) TWEED, ONT.

NAUSEA caused by travel motion, relieved with MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

Used successfully over a third of a century on LAND and SEA... THE WORLD OVER

IN ITS EARLY STAGES, Athlete's Foot may hardly bother you at all. But should your case progress, it's another matter. Your toes turn fiery red, the flesh between them cracks open and itching is severe. Skin flakes off in dull, whitish patches. Every step you take hurts like fury!

That's because Athlete's Foot irritates delicate nerve endings of your feet. However, there's much you can do to avoid such an attack if you understand the causes of Athlete's Foot.

What Athlete's Foot is

Athlete's Foot is a skin infection caused by micro-organisms which thrive in the presence of dead skin and excessive perspiration between your toes. It produces a severe irritation often followed by splitting of the skin allowing organisms to attack open flesh and delicate nerve endings.

What you can do about it

Drench the cracked skin between your toes with Absorbine Jr., full strength—just as it comes from the bottle. Do this night and morning and repeat daily. Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr.

How you may get it

The micro-organisms which cause Athlete's Foot are carried through the air—are present on most feet at one time or another. They are also found on bath mats, in swimming pools, on floors and floor coverings. Thus you see it's almost impossible for you to avoid running the risk of exposure to an attack of painful Athlete's Foot. Be on the alert!

How Absorbine Jr. helps

1. Absorbine Jr. kills, *on contact*, the micro-organisms which cause Athlete's Foot!
2. It dissolves perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot organisms thrive.
3. It dries skin between the toes.
4. It soothes and helps heal broken tissues.
5. It eases itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.

How to tell if you have it

Before you go to bed tonight, look between your toes. Spread them apart carefully. Is the skin moist and cracked, tender and inflamed? Is itching present? Such symptoms usually indicate that your feet have been infected with Athlete's Foot. It's time for you to get busy.

At all drugstores, $1.25 a bottle.
W. F. Young, Inc., Lyman House, Montreal.

ABSORBINE Jr.

Also brings quick relief to sore, aching muscles, tired, burning feet and sunburn

Advertising and Soviet Not Good Friends

By RAYMOND ARTHUR DAVIES

A good reflection of the seriousness of day to day life in Russia is given by its advertising. What little advertising there is is almost all in the newspapers, and it consists mainly of theatre notices, notices of lectures, etc., and help wanted ads. Russian notables when shown some of our advertising wonder whether America has quite enough asylums.

Moscow.

IT WAS once said with considerable justice that the type of modern civilization in any country can be discerned by reading the advertisements in the daily and weekly press. In Russia the advertising art has never been discovered. And to the average Soviet citizen a good advertisement from such a paper as SATURDAY NIGHT is quite incomprehensible. This I proved to myself last week as I showed a copy of the paper to a Soviet General. For the life of him he could not understand why a picture of a hockey game should illustrate an advertisement for one of our more popular brands of cigarettes. When I told him about the famous American contented cow, he had no words, but his expression clearly suggested that possibly America had too few lunatic asylums.

Nevertheless while taking all this into consideration, it is true that the little advertising one sees in Moscow does to some extent give a good picture of the things that go on.

Only one paper runs advertising in any volume. This is the *Evening Moscow* or as the Muscovites call it affectionately the "Vechorka"—a corruption of the Russian word for evening. The more staid newspapers like *Pravda, Izvestia, Krasnaya Zvezda* and *Trud* only advertise the better theatres, and sometimes not even that.

Before me I have the *Evening Moscow* for May 4. The advertising takes little more than half of the last page—page 4. No Russian newspaper is published in more than four pages.

Music, Theatre, Films

At the very top of the advertising section, across the page is a streamer announcing the "New American Film" "North Star". It is being shown in 13 theatres simultaneously. The streamer contains a statement naming the studio which produced the film. This is almost never done in Russia.

On the left side of the page is a half column of advertisements of the dramatic and other theatres. The Bolshoi Theatre is giving the "Tale of Tsar Saltan" and "Don Quixote". The Jewish Theatre is performing "Wandering Stars". The Moscow Soviet Theatre announces Goldone's "An Amusing Incident". At the Moscow Studio Theatre there is an evening devoted to vaudeville, and the Moscow Puppet Theatre is showing "Gulliver".

The State Philharmonic Society is giving a lecture-concert about Chaliapin, and the Symphony Orchestra of the USSR is performing the Third Symphony of Rachmaninoff.

There is no lack of choice here. At the Hall of Columns of the House of the Trade Unions the People's Artist of the Uzbek Republic, Tamara Khanum, is giving the songs and dances of Soviet nationalities, and for the evening after, it is announced the well-known tenor of the Lithuanian State Opera, Mikhail Alexandrovich, will devote a program to opera arias and Neapolitan songs.

Then follows a quarter of a column of two-line movie ads. The pictures shown include "The Thief of Bagdad" and the latest newsreels. Five theatres are showing "Science and Mechanics"; two theatres present their audiences with a "fascinating" movie entitled "Individual Victory Gardening"; three give "Lady Hamilton" and two "The Battle of Russia".

Perhaps you don't like the theatre or the movies. There is still some hope for you. You can attend the State circus where Russia's favorite clown, Karand'ash, will amuse you and where you will see latest tricks performed by elephants.

If you are of more serious mind you read the advertisements on the right side of the page. These announce the public defense of theses for doctors' degrees. There are three such advertisements in this issue. The first invites visitors to the defense of a thesis by Candidate of Veterinary Sciences B. F. Bessarabov. The title of his thesis here presented to the reading public is truly exciting: "The pathogenous micro-flora derived from sick fish in the Sea of Azov." The same ad announces another "fascinating" thesis by Candidate of Agricultural Sciences I. I. Sokolov, entitled "The influence of various quantities of feeding of caracul sheep during the last period of pregnancy upon the quality of the pelt of their offspring."

Free Entertainment

Of course you may not like this. So let's take a look at the next ad. Here too are two choices: the first, a thesis by G. E. Freedman entitled "The cracking of the wider fractions of gas-generated oil tar"; the second, "The catalytic transformation of carbohydrates under hydrogenic pressure".

The choice is wider. You can attend a thesis by Sergei Viktorovich Drozdov entitled "The conclusions of the variations of width derived from the observation of the weaker stars."

The last thesis is more current. Its title is: "Safety during stalling of aviation motors."

The attendance at all of these theses is quite free and anyone may come and ask questions or attack the points of view of the lecturer.

The next most prominent ads deal with various schools and industrial courses. All of them are remarkable for the toothbreaking names of the organizations. For example, the Moscow Industrial Construction Technicum of the Department of Local Industry and Industrial Cooperatives of the Moscow City Soviet announces that it is enrolling students for a three month course, presumably for its own specialty. Studies begin on May 15.

The advertisement below is published by the Moscow Technicum of the rubber Industry and announces courses which will prepare for the Technicum.

Another ad invites students for a seven-month course in hydro-meteorology. Accepted students will receive 500 rubles a month as stipend.

The middle school of working youth No. 40 announces the acceptance of students for the upper six classes. Apparently, this is an evening school, for courses are given three times a week from six to 10 p.m.

Sidelights

The next advertisement to be fully appreciated must be cited in full because it gives so many sidelights on Soviet life:

"The Moscow Institute of Communication Engineering announces the enrollment of students for a three-month course of preparation for the Institute (with or without leaving employment). Only those will be accepted who have finished a middle course of education, regardless of when it was completed. Courses will begin May 15. Fee—100 rubles a month. The applications must be accompanied by three photographs, an autobiography, and diplomas. The address of the Institute is the Highway of the Enthusiasts No. 109A, at streetcar stop "Noviye Doma" (New Apartment Blocks)."

Then we come to the purely commercial advertising. The Trust called —try this on your vocal chords— "Soyuzredmetrazvedka Narkomzvetmet" (the All-Union Prospecting Bureau for Rare Metals of the People's Commissariat for Non-Ferrous Metals) wants engineers, geologists, mineralogists, engineers-prospectors, hydrogeologists, geodesists, topographers, drill foremen, bookkeepers, quartermasters, and chauffeurs.

The Milk and Meat Industry Trust wants bookkeepers and representatives, while the Central Leather Administration wants a chief of transportation division, a garage manager, storekeepers, stevedores and typists.

Something called Glavkinosnab, which obviously has to do with the film industry, ("kino" is film) for some unknown reason wants experts in metals, cables, chemicals and building materials. They also want bookkeepers, cashiers, typists and just plain workers.

The Moscow Planning Institute advertises for typists, secretaries, librarians, managers for dormitories, messengers, night watchmen and charwomen.

The Experimental Art Workshop of the Moscow Wholesale Consumers' Goods Stores advertises for seamstresses, embroiderers, knitters to work at home, and also students to learn sewing and embroidery.

The next item would be of interest to our liquor industry and is most mysterious to a foreigner. I shall translate it in full:

"The Art Decoration Workshops of the Spirtstroymontazh Trust of the NKPP, USSR—which means the construction and repair trust of the spirits industry of the People's Commissariat of the Food Industry of the Union of Socialist Republics—wants workers of the following specialties: modellers, painters, plasterers, carpenters, art woodworkers, parquet layers, interior decorators. The workers will be supplied with board and lodging."

The only way to decipher the above is to refer to the fact that the Government has been opening a lot of stores and restaurants where at high prices food and meals are sold above rations. I suppose next will come the opening of liquor stores.

One Want Ad

But let us not forget the one tiny ad that reminds us of our own overcrowded want ad column. Some citizen—he is a great optimist—advertises that he would like to buy a Contax camera together with all equipment. Having tried to get a camera myself, all I can say is that I wish him the luck he deserves for his optimism.

Moscow has one other kind of advertising. In the more travelled side streets one can occasionally see a bulletin board on which the citizenry pins advertising notices. The one I saw a few days ago announced furniture for sale, bicycles for trade, samovars for hire and reflected the housing situation. One notice wanted to exchange two adjoining rooms for two separate rooms. Probably a divorced couple that wanted to lose sight of one another as quickly as possible.

So go Moscow ads. One can learn a lot from them. And when the billboards go up again that were started by the foreign trade Commissar Mikoyan before the war, advertising ham and hamburgers, then we shall know that normalcy has indeed returned.

DAY and NIGHT
Service
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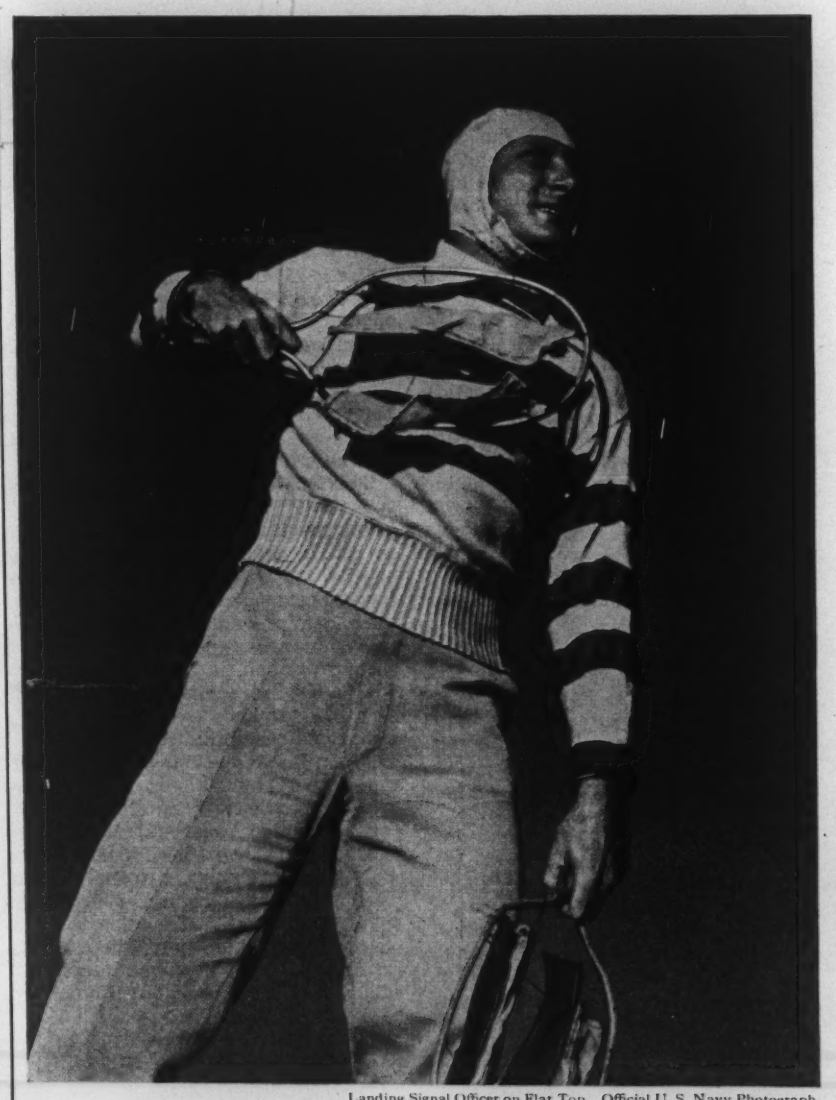


Landing Signal Officer on Flat Top. Official U. S. Navy Photograph.

This page is "Kodak" in more ways than one

Magnified 15 times, a print from a section of the "yellow" plate is seen to be a pattern of dots...

Red dots are superimposed... printed by the corresponding section of the "red" plate...

Dots from the "blue" plate are printed next...

Then black dots, for "depth" of color.

TO PRINT THIS FULL-COLOR KODACHROME PHOTOGRAPH, four separate printing plates are made *photographically*—each a complete record of one of the basic colors. The colors are then printed in succession, one over the other, as shown above.

FROM the snapping of the picture itself on Kodak Film . . through a succession of photographic processes (for which Kodak supplies materials) . . . the illustration finally reaches the printed page.

This procedure is followed in the making of thousands of magazine and newspaper illustrations—editorial as well as advertising. They are produced through photoengraving, photolithography, or photogravure. As you see, "photo" is common to all.

In a sense, therefore, almost any page might be called a "Kodak page" —whether it happens to be a Kodak advertisement or not.

So, as you go through your magazines and newspapers, it is *photography* which reports to you the war and other news . . . adding to your knowledge and entertaining you a dozen times a day.

One important reason why magazines and newspapers are so "readable" and "lookable" is that Kodak has long been a leader in developing materials for improved reproductions.

In Canada KODAK is the registered trademark and sole property of Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario.

Serving human progress through photography

Robot Bombs Can Break Everything but Habit

By CHARLES W. STOKES

What is it like in a robot bomb raid?

The writer, who has described other phases of England at War in Saturday Night says, that it is an unnatural and uncanny experience but that life still carries on as usual.

UNTIL yesterday I felt rather cheated. Everybody else in London seemed to have seen at least one of "them", and bragged about it, and probably exaggerated. I'd heard many—far too many—but had to be content with the pictures in the papers.

And then last evening one flew across the golf-course—over the third fairway, in fact, and luckily so, for we had reached the fourteenth, and if I were to say how far away that is, it might give a clue to where we were playing and annoy the censor. Sufficient to say that it was an upland course somewhere in "Southern England", with very wide vistas of scenery in most directions, and that it was all very peaceful up there, with the wind singing in the trees and the birds singing in the sky, and the alerts and the all clears wailing a kind of duet in the distance. My partner and I, who had promised ourselves this respite from tiredness but had twice postponed it, were practically alone on the course; and it was about 8.30, anyway.

We ducked, of course. We didn't have to, for that doodle bug was travelling too fast to mean danger to us, but we ducked instinctively, flattening ourselves behind a huge tree. Then we scrambled out, and saw it, tearing along its undeviable course towards the sunset. Very much like a mad dog it looked, or a maverick cow that someone ought to catch up with and rope; probably most like a mad dog, for the upper works over the rear give that look of a can tied to a dog's tail. And as the sirens on its blind pathway screamed their warnings, one couldn't help feeling a little sorry for that poor mad thing, hurtling on to dash out its brains. It wasn't altogether its own fault if it were mad.

Unpredictable and Annoying

The commonest complaint against the P-plane, at any rate from those who survive unscathed, is that "it isn't like the old Blitz". In retrospect now, the Battle of Britain is not only slightly romanticized, but seems to have been a natural event, a part of the pattern of history. The battle raged, and the heavy bombs fell, and the rattle of the machine guns was scarcely less scaring than the crashing of the Ack Ack guns; but the battle moved back and forth. Even when terrifyingly overhead, it would move somewhere else, and at its very worst most of us stood by the dug-outs in our tin hats, and watched and cheered.

But once a robot escapes the vigilance of the coast defences, and reaches a built-up area, no one interferes with it, because to try to bring it down over a town would probably create as much damage as its own explosion. It flies alone, in a straight line, on a set destiny, and comes down when .that destiny—as expressed in the form of an engine that may finish at any moment—is reached. It is so alone in the sky that its noise fills the whole amphitheatre. That noise is actually a kind of semi-cracked one, and reminds you rather of a second-hand car clattering along a rough road with a loose fender.

Anyone who says he is not temporarily scared in the duration of that noise—especially in the dead of night, when it seems to be just a few feet above the chimney pots—is in my humble opinion a liar. The robot, remember, is not intended as a war weapon. Someone has calculated that at the present rate of casualties (about 900 a week) it would take over 170 years to kill all the populations of London. The robot is only a part of the war on nerves.

You hear the damned thing first a long way off, but rapidly overhauling the distance, and all you can do (if you have lived right, or even if you haven't) is to bow your head over folded hands and pray that it will not "conk out" directly overhead. Then, when it doesn't, you continue in the same attitude and say a "God rest their souls" for the unknown unfortunates who have substituted for you. Some people count the number of seconds between the engine stoppage and the explosion, to try to guess the distance. Then, after the explosion, there is a short period of unearthly silence, shading into a kind of relief that there cannot be another one for at least a few minutes.

Fatalism could hardly go further.

Noise Bad on Nerves

The P-plane has, of course, only a nuisance value. It cannot possibly alter the course of the war; but in its first three weeks it killed 2,752 and injured over 8,000. Most of the casualties, as Churchill has revealed, were in London. The most irritating effect upon the nerves is that the Londoner is beginning to listen to every loud sound. He has grown very accustomed, these last five years, to the noises of the air—even to the immense drone of the air armadas going out to bomb enemy territory. But now he is begining to mistrust even the R.A.F.

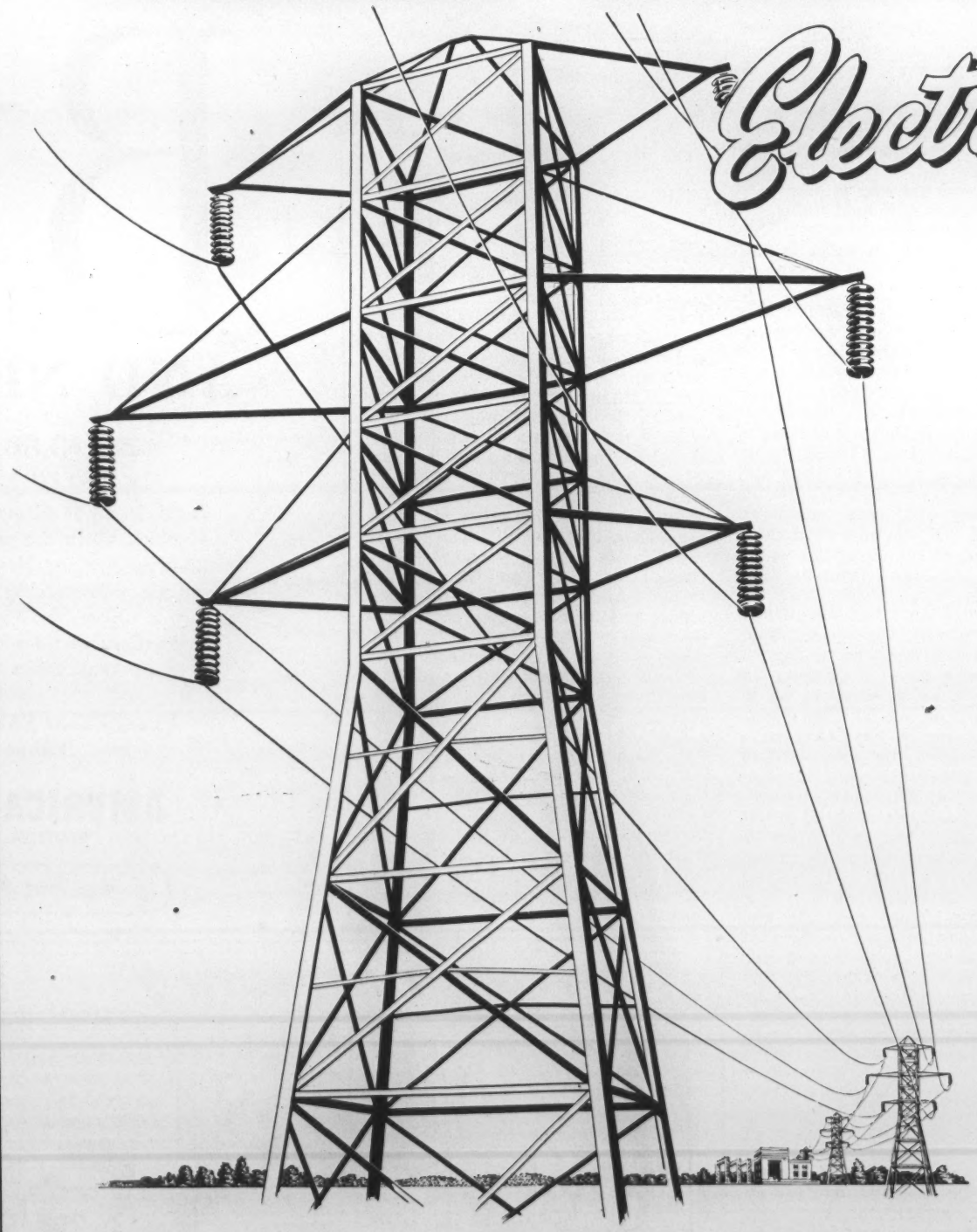
But please don't imagine that London is gloomy. It still functions, and the total number of evacuees to date are only a trickle from its enormous target. It "takes it" with its customary wry smile and superb concentration upon trifles. No matter how bad the night, my morning newspaper always comes punctually.

The suburban trains still bring in their hordes, even though stations have been flattened and bridges broken. The bus girls—those true heroines—run cheerily up and down their stairs all day long. The cafes and the restaurants serve more meals than ever. The siren blows—then three whistles sound down the elevator shaft from the roof spotters to say that "one of them" is close by. We all dive down to the basement shelter, carrying files, books and notebooks (there is a reserve of typewriters there) and sometimes the afternoon tea is served there instead of upstairs.

At night we toddle off by the 5.10 to our suburban homes, and water the runner beans and tickle the tomatoes until afar off there is another of those cluttering noises.

Anyway last night, my partner finished out his putt—a little shakily, but making a par five for the hole.

Canada Owns a Giant



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Impressive as the achievements of Canadian electrification have been—the future is even more inspiring. Electricity can give us clean, well-lit cities, healthy, easy-to-run homes. It can raise the productivity of our factories and farms, our mills and mines. It can yield us new high standards of living.

But Electric Power can do these things only if we "Think Big" and plan big—today. True, some measure of planning is being done—but we must *all* plan. True, there must be no slackening of our war effort till Victory is won—yet only by planning ahead can we prepare for action ahead, work ahead, markets ahead, which will absorb our fullest productivity, create jobs for all and thus establish a firm and stable foundation upon which Canada's future can be built.

Countless contributions to Canada's remarkable electrical progress have been made by the engineers and craftsmen of Canadian General Electric. For 52 years these skilled workers have been making electricity increasingly useful to Canada's peacetime economy. Today, in the Company's seven great plants they are devoting all their skill, energy and determination to the vital task of producing the war supplies needed so urgently by the fighting forces of the United Nations.

CGE 1144 M

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO

THE HITLER WAR

Pressure on All Fronts Needed To Force German Home Crisis

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

ONE of the most exciting events of the war, indeed of the past ten years, took place last week: revolt against Hitler, a challenge to the deadly terrorist apparatus of Heinrich Himmler by the army chiefs. Unsuccessful though this first attempt may have appeared to be, there can be no doubt whatever but that it has greatly hastened the process of German disintegration already carried far by the mighty Russian offensives, by our bombing, our Mediterranean victories, and our successful invasion of France, tying down many of Germany's best divisions, especially the armor so vitally needed on the eastern plains.

How near does this bring us to the end? That is the question which everybody is asking. My own view lies between the unbridled optimism of Walter Winchell, who gave the war just two days longer when he heard of the revolt, and the habitual pessimism of Hanson Baldwin, who is still inclined to think that Germany will last through another winter. The war with Germany *could* end within a month; but I don't expect to see it go beyond October.

Factors Disregarded

The numerous commentaries which have emphasized the control which Hitler and Himmler appear to have regained over the situation tend to disregard two factors. They assume too readily, I think, that famous generals who have disappeared from public view have been caught and liquidated by the Gestapo. And they underestimate the effect of our continually increasing pressure on the fighting fronts in regenerating the crisis.

For it is this pressure which has brought the long-smoldering feud between the army leaders and the Nazis to the flash-point. The army traditionalists had many old scores stored up against the Nazi parvenus. They had disagreed with Hitler constantly on the grand strategy of the war. And one may give them credit for disliking intensely the Gestapo extermination methods used against the Jews and the conquered populations.

But they have put up with these things for years. The thing which drove them to take the supreme risk of challenging Himmler was their desire to save what is left of Germany, to save the further hundreds of thousands of German lives which would be sacrificed this summer in an already lost war.

What we are witnessing is a veritable struggle for existence between the army leaders, who will ultimately be supported by their troops and the people, and Hitler and his fanatic following, who have expressed over and again their determination to see Germany and the whole of Europe go down in a holocaust of destruction if they must lose.

Strength Of The Revolt

That is the strength of the revolt, and it is up to us to force the crisis by increasing our pressure on the fighting fronts to the utmost, giving the Nazis no chance to stabilize the situation. Provided we do so, their dilemma is insoluble, for they can only retain control by killing more and more generals, and without these generals they cannot hold the fronts.

Again, as after the debacle in Tunisia and the fall of Mussolini, the call is for bold action on our part, and it is much to be hoped that we will not again be excessively cautious. The Russians, for their part, having immediately forced this crisis (though our bombing and our invasion had prepared the way), are pressing their advantage furiously.

I begrudge the Red Army none of its victories. It has more than earned them all. I am not in the least concerned over the prospect of it getting into Germany, and occupying Berlin, before we do. It will do a much more thorough job of rounding up and disposing of the Nazi criminals than we would do.

But allowing for all of our difficulties in Normandy, the closely divided fields which force us to fight a war of hedgerow to hedgerow, the lack of space which hampers us, as one staff officer put it, "like a man trying to swing a haymaker in a telephone booth", the poor weather which has closed down our air support for days on end, it is disappointing that with all our vaunted power and preparation we can make no spectacular advances here to match those in the east and in Italy, and heighten the German crisis.

If the war should suddenly end with a German collapse in the east I think that our soldiers and our people would feel this keenly, and it could have far-reaching effects on our prestige and on the political situation in Europe. These are not light matters.

Was Bombing A Fake?

To return to the revolt, or purge, of the generals, my first reaction on hearing of the bomb attempt was that this could easily be a plant by the Nazis to give an excuse for a widespread purge of suspected opponents within the army. That would be thoroughly in the Nazi tradition.

When Hitler, Goering and Doenitz went to the microphone a few hours later and spoke of "usurpers" and an attempt to set up an alternative government to sue for peace, this seemed like much too serious a game for the Nazis to play at. The effect on the troops and population of virtually admitting that the leading German generals believed the war was lost and that it was time to get out, would be too dangerous.

For some days afterwards we had reports, on the one hand, of the disappearance of widely-known military leaders and their civilian counterparts, such as Schacht and Neurath; and on the other hand the claim of the mysterious anti-Nazi but pro-Army Radio Atlantic that Keitel, Brauchitsch, Bock, Halder and other top men were safe, and had actually formed an alternative regime.

If the generals had really taken the initiative and made a genuine attempt to overthrow Hitler's regime, then the leading conspirators everywhere would have been on the alert against Gestapo counteraction, and might have gone underground—though this didn't quite seem in the tradition of the Prussian officers class. If Himmler had anticipated the attempt and struck first, with carefully prepared lists, then the conspirators might very well have been caught off guard and the purge be very far-reaching.

A weekend dispatch from *New York Times* correspondent George Axelsson in Stockholm supported the former thesis. He says that he was tipped off by someone directly from Berlin, and in contact with the German officers' group; that the latter knew ten days in advance of the coup that Himmler was to be given the supreme military command. He presumes that the generals timed their blow to anticipate this event.

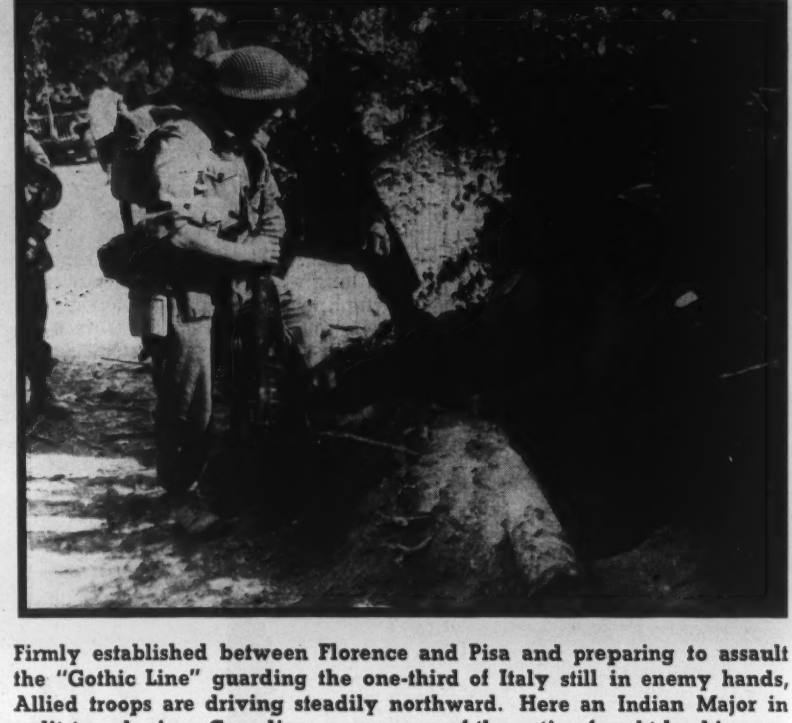
But *New York Times* correspondent Daniel T. Brigham takes the contrary view. Writing from Basle, Switzerland on Tuesday, he declares that Himmler tired of waiting for Hitler to finally make up his mind on the question of the command and forced the issue by planting the bomb. His purging squads had gone to work foresightedly and seized thousands of officers, including four field marshals in Vienna, the day before. The presumption is that most of these have been liquidated.

Let Them Kill Each Other

In other circumstances one might experience a certain anguish in waiting to learn which of these versions is correct. As it is, we can be quite unconcerned. We want to deal with neither of these groups in postwar Germany, the unspeakable Nazis nor the professional militarists who made four wars in a half-century before Hitler arrived on the scene, and who have served the latter far too well, even if disdainfully.

Let them kill each other off, while the German Army disintegrates in the process. Our only concern is to break this army on the fighting fronts. And please God this combined action inside and outside of Germany will produce such a complete, such an indescribable debacle, of both Nazism *and* German militarism, that both will be discredited forever.

Look at it any way you will, we can only gain from this internal feud, which Alfred Rosenberg describes all too accurately as a "fifth" front, after Poland, Normandy, Italy and the aerial bombing. If Hitler cannot trust his generals and colonels, then he can shoot them. But can he keep his vast war machine running smoothly while he is doing this? Will



Firmly established between Florence and Pisa and preparing to assault the "Gothic Line" guarding the one-third of Italy still in enemy hands, Allied troops are driving steadily northward. Here an Indian Major in a slit trench gives Canadians a summary of the action fought by his men, as these men of a Canadian infantry division take over from the Indians.

NOW, I CAN SMILE AGAIN

OF COURSE, fleas made me sad—sad looking, too. For fleas ruin a dog's coat, fray his nerves, make him miserable. Now, I give them the ONE-TWO—quick and certain death to fleas.

ONE is a thorough weekly dusting with Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA Powder. That kills fleas, flea eggs, and newcomers. TWO is a bath with SKIP-FLEA Soap to knock 'em dead and stop the itch of old bites.

Let SKIP-FLEA Powder and Soap put an end to your dog's fleas and keep them off. Read about flea control in Sergeant's Dog Book, *free* at drug and pet stores, or with this coupon.

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ALICE, YOU'RE NOT! HOW PERFECTLY SPLENDID! BUT IS IT WORTH IT?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN— IS IT WORTH IT? IT'S HELPING THE WAR, AND THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME
BUT WHAT YOU EARN CAN'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE TO YOU
SURE IT DOES, BUT I'M NOT DOING THIS FOR MONEY ALONE. AND ANYWAY I PUT ALL MY EARNINGS INTO WAR SAVINGS!
YOU MAKE ME ASHAMED. CAN I GET A JOB AT YOUR PLANT?

WORK...SAVE...LEND

Many patriotic housewives are doing part-time work to help the man-power shortage. They find, too, that this extra occupation makes it easier to avoid unnecessary spending. By putting extra earnings into War Savings they help defeat inflation now and provide for prosperity after the war.

JOHN LABATT LIMITED
London Canada

the remaining generals give of their best with a Gestapo pistol in their ribs? And every time he shoots an officer does he not make a sworn enemy of that man's numerous friends and relatives?

There is no solution here for Hitler. If he has never, in his eleven years of power, been able to gain thorough control of the Army, he cannot do so at this late date. His young Party fanatics have not had time yet to graduate to the highest ranks. His SS divisions are still too few, only about one-tenth of the whole army strength.

These 20-odd SS divisions have their own SS generals. But up to now they have fought under corps and army commanders of the old officers' class. Lately there has been a move to shift SS generals higher up the command ladder. The notorious Sepp Dietrich has been promoted to corps commander, and a General Hasser to army commander, both on the Normandy front. Here, incidentally, Hitler appears to hold a stronger hand than on the Eastern Front, with no less than five SS Panzer divisions and one SS Panzer Grenadier division at Rommel's disposal.

At Gates Of Warsaw

For this reason, and that of terrain, and perhaps our caution, too, it seems that the great break in the German structure is going to come in the east. Certainly the Russians are forcing this to the utmost. Taking the broadest view of their strategy (a discussion of which in The Hitler War, July 8, was reprinted at length in *Izvestia*) the plan appears to have been to thrust the German left wing back against the Baltic, and the right wing back against the Carpathians, and then smash straight through the centre. Rather like a football play.

In just exactly a month Rokossovsky has advanced from a point 425 miles from Warsaw, to Siedlce, just 50 miles from that capital. Indications are that the Soviets will be outside of its gates by this weekend. But before that they will have surged across the Vistula south of the city. The latter drive and another further south, which is already across the San near Przemysl, are headed straight towards Upper Silesia, only 150 miles ahead of them.

There is no indication whatever that the Germans have the reserves with which to plug the gaping hole in Central Poland. The war is being won there before our eyes. August promises to be the decisive month of the war, though it may not be the last.

True to custom, Soviet diplomacy has advanced step-by step with the Red Army into Poland. In a manoeuvre strikingly similar to the setting up of the Kuusinen puppet government in the first town inside the Finnish border in 1939, the Russians have set up in the first Polish city across the Molotoff-Ribbentrop Partition Line a "Committee of National Liberation" imported direct from Moscow and dominated by Wanda Wasilevska, wife of a prominent Soviet commissar.

Shenanigans In Poland

The name of this organization has been carefully tailored after that of the De Gaullist Committee, and there is an effort to portray it as essentially a Polish counterpart. But we did not set up the French Committee. It had to fight us every step of the way, and prove that it really represented the French nation today. Without going to Poland to take a public opinion poll, one can say definitely that this Soviet-sponsored committee in Chelm cannot represent the Polish nation.

I have from an indisputable source the affirmation of the general commanding the official Polish underground that the whole hatred of his people is now focussed on the Germans, and their whole attention directed to driving them out of the country. The Polish people, says this general, haven't been thinking much about relations with Russia; they have been occupied in a struggle for very existence against the Germans.

But one certainly cannot go on from this to believe that they love the Russians, after four partitions and 150 years of domination, and will joyously welcome their nominees as a new government. There is a deliberate provocation of civil war here.

But at any rate this committee's pronouncement gives an extremely interesting preview of Russia's plans for cutting up eastern Germany and bodily shifting Poland to the westward. The committee claims not only East Prussia and Danzig, but Upper Silesia and the line of the Oder as well. That would carry Poland over as far as Stettin, and to within 45 miles of Berlin.

Well, cutting up Germany is one solution. But there should be no illusions about the consequences of such a step if it is not carried out with complete ruthlessness, making sure that German power is destroyed forever, as was Carthage's. Otherwise one is only making sure of a German war of revenge in a generation or two.

Not A Moral Solution

That East Prussia must disappear is now pretty widely accepted. It has always been a German bridgehead for penetration up the Baltic. And the corridor solution for Poland is not a satisfactory one. There is, besides, the potent argument of "compensation" to Poland for her losses in the east.

I had thought to see indications lately of a more generous treatment of the eastern frontier question by Russia, conceding at least Lwow to the Poles, as well as Bialystok Province, which the Curzon Line accords to Poland, but the 1939 Partition Line does not.

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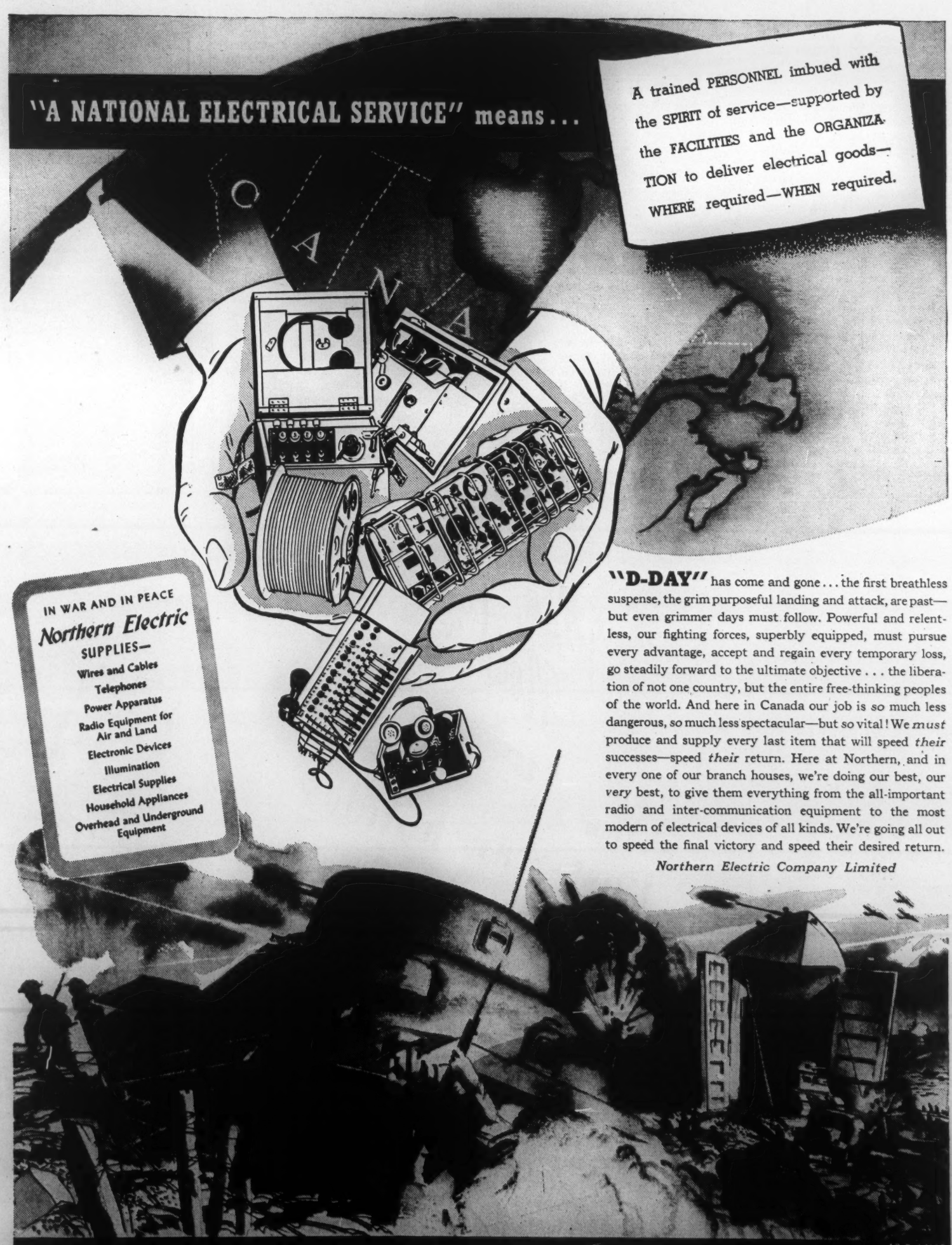
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THE WEEK IN RADIO

Alan Young Finds That People Are Much the Same Everywhere

By FRANK CHAMBERLAIN

New York.

ALONG with 400 others we crowded our way into a posh NBS studio on the 6th floor of the RCA building to see the "Alan Young Show" last Wednesday. At 8.50 p.m. the young Canadian comedian, introduced by an announcer as "honorably discharged by the Royal Canadian Navy", came out on the stage, and for ten minutes told jokes and did funny tricks getting into and out of his coat. The audience loved him. In fact, one woman almost had hysterics, and for a time the audience was more amused at her than they were with Alan Young. Despite the fact that the announcer missed his first cue, the sound man slipped up on one of his effects and the program was at least a minute and a half short, it was a creditable show.

The autograph hunters surged around Alan Young after the broadcast. It was only his third broadcast since going to New York, and his eyes were still popping a little with excitement. I asked him if he found New York much more difficult than Toronto to work in, and in his quiet shy way he replied "Actually, it's easier here in New York because everybody is no nice. They do so much for you here. I don't even have to write my scripts. Everybody does things for me. The audience in the studio is just the same . . . very responsive. People are much the same everywhere, aren't they?"

It was exciting and satisfying to observe the success of a young Canadian in New York, but I couldn't help but think that Alan Young's scripts were funnier when he wrote them himself.

LONG an admirer of the ability of Percy Faith I was stirred with even greater pride when I saw him in New York leading the orchestra in the "Pause That Refreshes" program. He commutes from Chicago to New York every weekend to take the place of Andre Kostelanetz for the summer months

He strode out on to the platform of the CBS No. 4 Studio Theatre on West 54th Street with all the assurance and poise of a much older director. On the podium he handled himself with a dignity that was good to watch. The old carelessness had disappeared. Every movement expressed sureness. He used a baton in his right hand. His left hand was in constant use, beckoning, drawing out, softening the tones. He used two music stands, one for his music and the other for the program script.

To my mind this is one of the finest programs on the air today. It has a finish that so many other programs lack. It is one of the few programs using a stage director. The announcer, John Allen Wolf, urges the audience to applaud only when the stage director signalled, "so that we won't waste one second of Mr. Faith's music".

Wolf announces the program, while David Ross, the diction award winner, introduces the musical numbers in his golden voice. He is a slight man of short stature, with thin grey hair, and greying moustache. Eleanor Steber of the Metropolitan Opera Co., sang beautifully, but watching her wasn't easy. Miss Steber was tense. She frowned her way through most of her singing.

Percy Faith had just 20 minutes to catch his train after the program, so there was time for only a word with him. He asked us to say that he is coming back to Canada for the next Victory Loan broadcasts. "I can't turn Canada down on a job like that", he said.

IT WAS at Major Edward Bowes amateur hour I met the Toronto lad Bobby Breen. I knew Bobby when he was six years old and he was taken by his mother to sing in Toronto dance halls so late at night that I protested loudly, and said the Children's Aid Society ought to do something about it. At eighteen years old Bobby Breen is a private in the United States army, a clean-cut laughing lad with dark eyes and dark hair and a voice that sends thrills up and down girls' spines.

The audience gasped and cheered when the Major introduced Breen. Obviously the lad is a popular figure. His years with Eddie Cantor gave him a national and international reputation. His movies were quite successful. Then his voice changed, and it was a long time settling down into anything adult. When he sang two songs on the Bowes' program he joked about his changing voice. He sang "Rainbow on the River", and "I love you". After the show I went back stage to shake his hand, and remind him of his home town.

But to get back to Major Bowes' show. It wasn't amateur in any way. Most of the people who participated were army personnel who in civilian days had been discovered by Major Bowes, and given a chance in the entertainment world with one of the Major's units.

WHEN in New York the CBS gave me tickets for Johnny Morgan's show. I'd never heard of the man, and thought he must be an orchestra leader. But when Johnny Morgan took over the program I soon discovered that here was one of the best comedians heard on the airwaves in recent years. Johnny is short and smiling. He is a natural comedian. He tells jokes without reading them from a script. He is not only funny, he is clever. He is heard on Monday nights, with Jay Blackton's orchestra, John Reid King announcing.

HARRY SEDGWICK, director of New York's Wartime Information Bureau (Canada), took me to see CBS's press-room on Madison Ave. It's an amazing place, supervised by the bright young newsman Paul White. Thirty-five of the staff were at the Democratic Convention in Chicago, so Paul White's right hand girl, Peg Miller, who has much of "Report to the Nation" in her charge, showed us around. There's a teletype room where at least twenty machines are pouring in news, from Associated Press, United Press, International News Service, Reuters, and the Office of War Information. In another room two operators were taking down news being broadcast on enemy short-wave stations. I saw the room where the 6.45 p.m. world round-up of news is conducted. Going down on the elevator I met Mark Warnow, who was excited about a new farm he has just bought.

NEW YORK: finest free show in New York is the Metropolitan Museum . . . Canadian servicemen and women have an art show in the Metropolitan . . . people in New York are listening to "Vic and Sade", and "Martin Block's Make Believe ballroom" . . . Fifteen minutes after William Shirer said that the Canadians and British troops were bogged down in Normandy, Montgomery announced a new push toward Paris . . . you can get news on the radio every 15 minutes in New York.

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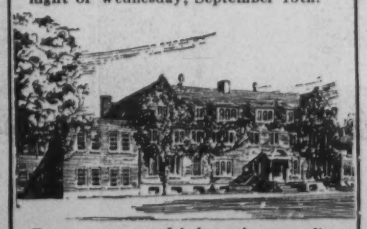

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THE BOOKSHELF

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A Criticism of American Policy By a Former State Official

THE TIME FOR DECISION, by Sumner Welles. (Musson, $4.00.)

ONE of the ablest of American diplomats, long associated with the State Department, and familiar with its errors and omissions as well as with its achievements, begins this book with a review of the unfruitful years following the setting up of the League of Nations. In his judgment the Treaty of Versailles failed for three main reasons; the indefiniteness of the plans for the League, the inconsistency and weakness of the victorious Powers towards Germany, and the ignoring of Russia. Other mistakes lay in the lack of publicity over the discussions, and especially in the shutting-out of the smaller nations from any part in the proceedings. The boundary-drawing for Poland and the establishment of the Polish Corridor also were not triumphs of intelligence.

In later years when Russia joined the League and was likely to become a useful member, it was the other Powers that balked. In the meantime, the refusal of the United States to join the League was a prime error. He blames President Wilson for consulting no one as to what he hoped to do at the Peace Table. Surely this was a time for co-operation, not only between the Executive and the Legislative Branch, but also with the Republican opposition.

He passes over the dead years of the Harding, Coolidge and Hoover administration when only "gaudy" treaties for disarmament were forthcoming and considers that of all blind isolationist policies the blindest was the American attitude towards the Spanish Civil War.

With this as an introduction he comes to his mission of 1940 to the leaders of Italy, Germany, France and Great Britain. President Roosevelt was making a last minute plea that the leaders settle their differences by discussion and sent Mr. Welles overseas on a forlorn hope. He had interviews with Count Ciano, with whom he was favorably impressed, and with Mussolini "who spoke with the utmost bitterness concerning the British" but had no suggestions to offer.

In Germany the rudeness and absurd pomposity of Von Ribbentrop were insulting. Hitler revealed a hatred for liberty or anything bearing its imprint, and Hess impressed him as a man of the lowest order of intelligence. This section of the book is uncommonly interesting.

Then comes a detailed explanation of the Good Neighbor policy of President Roosevelt and its progress in bringing into sympathetic accord the republics of South America. This was Mr. Welles' principal achievement, and he writes of it almost with enthusiasm, though any quality so extreme can scarcely be attributed to him. Perhaps it is this approach towards enthusiasm which accounts for his notion that what has been done on this side of the Atlantic might sometime be done on the other.

The final portion of the book is a demand for a definite realistic foreign policy on the part of the United States, based on an understanding with Russia and China as well as with the British Commonwealth of Nations. Such a policy should be above influence and change by varying currents of public opinion or by political considerations.

The book is important in its facts and deductions, but also, curiously enough, for its literary quality. Not all statesmen and diplomats write well.

•

Wise Teutons

GERMANY, A SELF-PORTRAIT, an anthology of German protest, edited by Harlan R. Crippen. (Oxford, $4.50.).

GOETHE and Heine saw the inner state of Germany and vigorously warned the people that they were on the road to disaster. In all the years since their time many German writers have been found on the side of freedom, denouncing the exaltation of the soldier at the expense of the civilian. Those still living are refugees, many of them bearing in their bodies the marks of tyranny. Here is an anthology of German protest beginning with the times of William II and the Zabern affair, continuing throughout the first Great War and the Weimar Republic to the rise and progress of Hitler. They are bitter in irony and sarcasm.

When Hitler burned the books, no fewer than fifty German authors were represented in the bonfire. Most of them had been popular; that is to say, their ideas of individual freedom in a free world had been approved by a vast army of readers. There must be potential leaders still alive in this bound and hamstrung nation. Perhaps when the armies under the swastika are battered into helplessness they will arise and lead the people back to sanity.

Meanwhile the exiles speak with one voice against Nazi folly and barbarity.

•

Good Gleaning

MORE DIVERSIONS, an Anthology selected by C. H. Wilkinson. (Oxford, $2.00.)

COLLECTIONS of literary gems are generally "pretty usual." Here's one that goes a-gathering in unfamiliar fields. Not that it ignores completely such daisies in the home pasture as George Wither's "Shall I Wasting in Despair" or Wordsworth's lines on Cambridge, but it finds orchids in the thickets, such as Andrew Borde's "The Scot's Devilish Dislike of the English" (1548) and "Noah's Wife Comes on Board" from the Chester miracle play. The book has 320 pages and is just a quarter-of-an-inch thick so it is most companionable, and merry, on street-cars and elsewhere.

•

Placing Them

CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS OF FORMER TIMES, a Chart and Index compiled and published by Percy Robertson at 18 Toronto Street, Toronto, 50c.

ON A single sheet the birth-and-death dates of some four hundred men of eminence in the arts are arranged so that one may instantly see who were the contemporary men of any great writer. A useful chart for the schoolroom.

•

American Leader

MR. ROOSEVELT, by Compton Mackenzie. (Oxford, $4.00.)

BRITISH people everywhere have a deep respect for President Roosevelt; not only because he is a faithful and inspiring ally in these desperate times, but because he has shown superior personal and political courage all his life long. He is a man of character and vision. Doubtless he has made mistakes. Doubtless also he has raised up enemies of quite remarkable ruthlessness among his own people. From his earliest days in politics, movements to "Stop Roosevelt" have been started. At the moment Mr. Dewey heads his opponents; whether or not successfully, November will show.

Naturally the conflict will be interesting to us, perhaps for the reason that it is not our business. But we can watch it with our mouths resolutely closed, for expressions of preference would surely be ill-mannered. For that reason we consider that the publication of this book by a British writer might well have been postponed until the political campaign had been over.

Republicans already have a book entitled *That Man*. There is a danger that the opposing thesis by an Englishman, might do the hero more harm than good.

Mr. Compton Mackenzie is an enthusiast inclined towards lush writing. But for all that he reveals an interesting and well-ordered statesman and human being.

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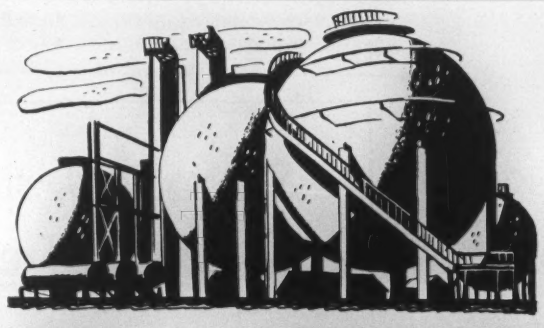

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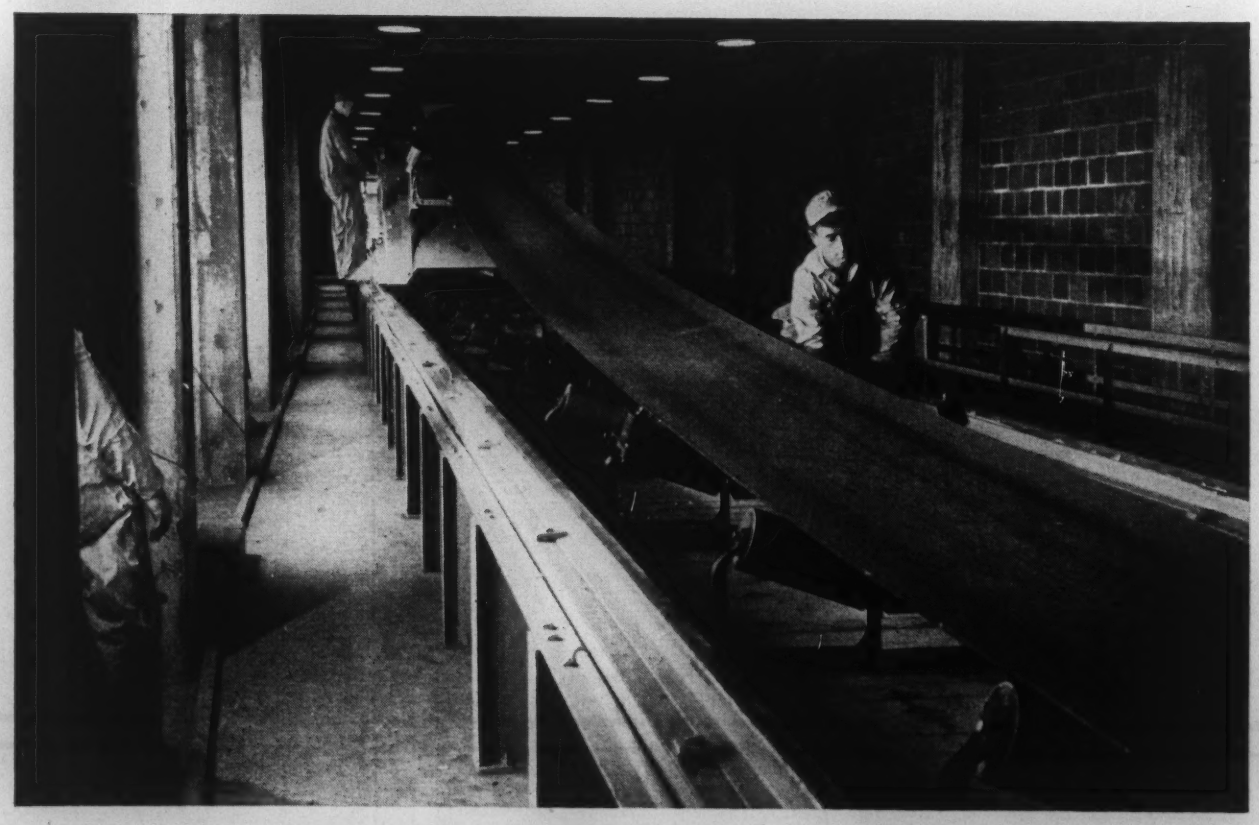

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Of Beethoven's First Symphony And Varied Musical Interests

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

NUMEROUS young string performers who are enjoying their initiation to routine orchestral experience at the Promenade Symphony concerts this summer, have been fortunate of late in working under sympathetic conductors whose patience and enthusiasm bring out the best they can give. When he arrived from New York for rehearsal last week, the renowned Erno Rapee must have been surprised to see so many new faces, especially of young women, in an organization with which he had become intimately familiar in recent summers. I chanced to eavesdrop on a group of them before last Thursday's concert and heard them say what a "dear" Mr. Rapee was and how much they have learned just by rehearsing under him.

On the podium he has indeed a fascinating and dignified personality; and a perfect style that exhales intense meticulous musicianship. The quality of expression that marked his rendering of works that are part of musical history was at all times admirable.

From the standpoint of perspective, I was deeply interested in the revival of Beethoven's First Symphony, in C major, opus 21; one of two such works that marked his traditional period as an orchestral composer, before the Titantic Beethoven of all time burst on the world, in the Third ("Eroica") Symphony. The singular fact is that Beethoven's individuality had begun to express itself aggressively through the pianoforte, while he was still paying deference to the past in this symphony. Sophisticated listeners who heard the First Symphony last week did not need to be told that it was of the same order as those of Haydn and Mozart. In their hands the form had achieved a beautiful crystallization. John N. Burk, author of the most recent Life of the composer, says his caution was built on reverence. He would not at first try to improve what could not be improved; though he was incapable of perfunctory imitation.

The contrast between the rather impersonal character of this work and the vigorously personal and novel piano Concerto in C minor has often been commented on. Both were born just at the end of the 18th century, but the Concerto seems of the future, while the First Symphony seems a last message from the past. Yet in 1800 certain purists were shocked by its innovations. Though C major was named as the key, the composer chose to open the introductory Adagio in the key of F, lead into G major, and at last enunciate the tonic with insistence in his main theme. Though it signifies nothing to modern listeners this was highly unorthodox in 1800. There were also indications of a tendency to stray from righteousness in the importance he gave to woodwind, and the whimsical modulations of the so-called Minuet. Berlioz praised its "exquisite freshness, lightness and grace"

Berlioz was himself capable of the qualities which delighted him in the Beethoven Minuet. That was shown in "Dance of the Sylphes" from his fantastic opera "The Damnation of Faust", produced in 1846 after he had attained maturity. In the theatre it was never a success, but this delicious morceau and the setting of the Rakoczy March, which superseded Hungarian versions, have survived in the orchestral repertory. How Berlioz came to incorporate an Hungarian national air in his version of "Faust" is characteristic of his wayward nature. While on a tour of Europe in 1845 he was in Hungary and heard the tune for the first time. He resolved to use it in the "Faust" opera he was writing, and to give plausibility, invented a trip to Hungary for Faust and Mephisto unmentioned either in the mediaeval legend or in Goethe's vast dramatic poem. So great a master of orchestration was Berlioz that the air became immortal far beyond its native soil. Mr. Rapee's delicate interpretation of the Dance of the Sylphes was remarkably fine under the circumstances, and he gave the most infectious rendering of the March I have heard since that of Sir Adrian Boult, who gave it the cumulative tenseness of Ravel's "Bolero". Beautiful nuancing marked the performance of the second movement from Tchaikovsky's 5th Symphony; and it goes without saying that the Mozart "Figaro" overture, and the "Vienna Woods" waltz were captivating under his precise, but enthusiastic baton.

As a stage name, "Vivian della Chiesa" always fascinates me, because it is a combination of one of the earliest Cornish names with that of one of the more ancient Italian noble families, which boasts at least one Pope in its annals. The singer happens to have been born in Chicago and for a girl still under 30 has gone far. Indeed one would have to own a voice of magnificent breadth and compass to live up to a name like that. Not merely the largeness and beauty of her tones but their full, even, spontaneous flow, make her rendering of a great bravura aria like "Ah, fors e lui" from Verdi's "Traviata" intensely satisfying. It has always struck me that Verdi was oblivious of the alleged physical condition of Violetta when he composed that aria. A lady with the chest expansion necessary to give full value to its glowing contours would not be likely to fall a victim to tuberculosis. It was one of three arias sung by Miss Chiesa, and in all the unforced flow of emotional utterance was enthralling. She even made a pretty good job of Rossini's "La Danza" though it is a number that demands not only masterly breathing but the resonance of a voice like that of Caruso or Jan Peerce. The soprano is also an artist who can be simple and unoperatic, as in her rendering of Brahms "Cradle Song".

Eileen Law's Recital

The Conservatory Summer School's series of recitals designed with educational intent, has provided much good music. Last week the Canadian contralto, Eileen Law, who has a free, broad style, clarity of tone and perfect phrasing, sang a program of the standard song-recital type. The selections were all of rare quality, classical arias, German lieder and modern French and English groups. The novelty for me was Gabriel Faure's "Lydia", a legato composition of unusual loveliness. He composed a considerable number of beautiful lyrics, but recitalists as a rule concentrate on but one "La Reve". It seems strange that Miss Law, twenty years after his death should be breaking new ground with "Lydia". In the average song recital the English language group seldom measures up to the quality of the rest of the program—is usually quite trashy in fact. Miss Law in numbers by Dunhill, Holst and Herbert Hughes showed what wealth many famous singers overlook.

A Willan Concerto

The Summer School was also treated to a semi-private hearing of Healy Willan's Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, which is to have its real new premiere at Montreal shortly. Dr. Willan himself played the transcription of the orchestral part, and Agnes Butcher, the richly endowed young pianist for whom the work was written was soloist. It is a grave, surging and profoundly interesting work with no sawdust filling, and Miss Butcher played it with authority and beauty of phrasing.

Good viola players being scarce everywhere, Toronto is suffering a real loss in the departure of Cecil Figelski, who has for some years been first violist of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra and the Conservatory String quartet, and in general demand wherever a viola soloist was needed. Reginald Stewart, now conductor of the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra and director of the Peabody Institute is carrying him away to serve both institutions. Figelski first showed his talent as a boy violinist under the late Luigi von Kunits, and one has seen him advance year by year in quality.

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Tom Rutherfurd, whose "Hamlet" won high favor recently at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, returns in the role for a week beginning July 31.

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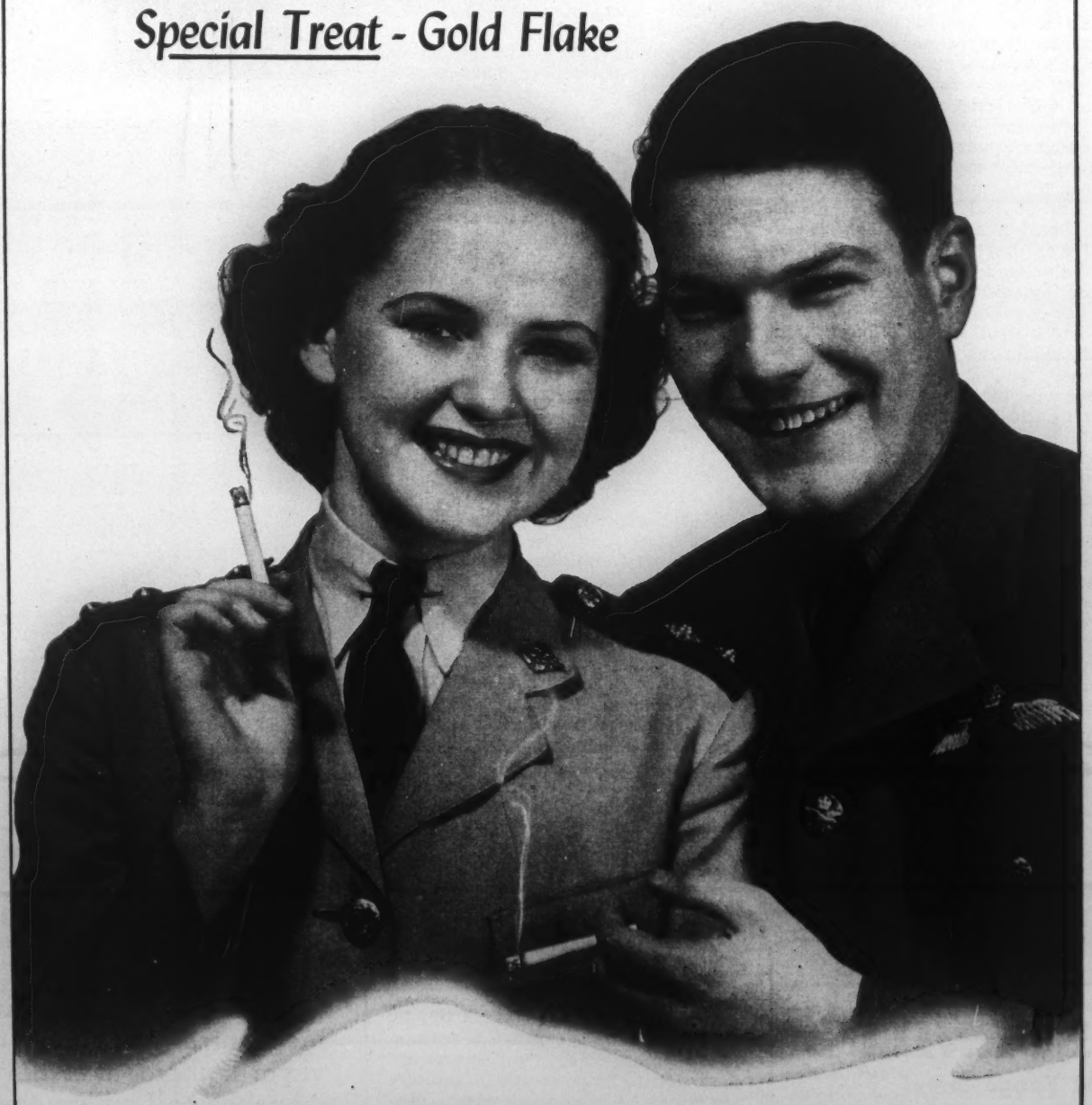

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FILM AND THEATRE

From The Picture to Real News; Hitler Almost Killed Twice

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

IT WAS odd to come away from "The Hitler Gang" and read the flaring headlines in the late afternoon papers: Hitler Almost Assassinated. The news report seemed the logical extension of the drama that had just been taking place on the screen; a sequence hastily tacked on to a story that left the master criminal still in relative enjoyment of his successes. Almost Assassinated, in fact, represented the (almost) happy ending.

The whole thing, story and added sequence, runs like a murder mystery that tips its hand too early. Almost anyone could tell after seeing "The Hitler Gang" that the near assassination was an inside job and that the instigator was probably Hermann Goering. From the beginning every suspicion is directed at Herr Goering, a character who had the most to gain from the Fuehrer's disappearance, who was consistently absent whenever the bombs went off, and who had always shown a genial preference for bumping off his friends rather than mere acquaintances. Hermann Goering and Adolf Hitler in fact seem to have been on perfect assassination terms right from the start.

In spite of the fact that most of the material in "The Hitler Gang" is familiar, at least as world rumor, the picture has a curiously startling quality. Screen makeup and some natural and quite extraordinary resemblances combine to give you at moments the feeling that you are actually in the screen presence of some of the nasty originals of the drama. Robert Watson, an old hand at Fuehrer characterizations, is on the whole less violent and more comic than his model. But the outward resemblance combined with an expression of closed and brooding fanaticism is striking enough to make you wonder at times if an actual newsreel sequence may not have been inserted into the film.

The film covers the period of contemporary German history from 1918 to the Blood Purge of 1934—a tight condensation of immense events that results inevitably in too much simplification. You won't find the root causes of world catastrophe in "The Hilter Gang" unless you are willing to accept the premise that half a dozen tigerish men were capable of creating by their own efforts a phenomenon as monstrous and complex as modern Nazism. As an allround criminal indictment the film is both timely and valuable.

The Height of Something

The impulse towards wilder music and more of it has led to the teaming up of Xavier Cugat and Harry James in the same pictures. Both maestros were present in "Two Girls and a Sailor" and both are back again in "Bathing Beauty". The bands get enough footage to satisfy even the most fanatical jive addict. Maestro James, as the more photogenic, gets the bulk of the solo work.

"Bathing Beauty" which is in technicolor, stars pretty Esther Williams, a sensational swimmer who has in addition some mysterious power of retaining her glamor makeup under water. Supporting her is Red Skelton, a comedian with a maniacal gift for the obvious. Comic Skelton has a pantomime exercise involving a young lady getting up in the morning, which is familiar, but funny in spots. He also has a comedy routine in a ballet sequence. It's vigorous but it doesn't violate the rule that there is a lot more routine than comedy about any parody of the ballet, from Disney down. The film ends with a sort of super screen aquacade, in violent tones of cerise and aquamarine; fountains jetting in the midst of a lake and fire jetting in the midst of the fountains, with curtains of water in between. It's the height of something, whether spectacle or plumbing it would be hard to say.

• •

These Bally Russians And Their Humors

By LUCY VAN GOGH

IT HAS been noted before that one of the most peculiar and incomprehensible (to outsiders) of the institutions of North America is the right of the North American man not to desire a particular woman if he doesn't happen to want to. In Latin American countries this right does not exist, and if any particular woman offers herself to a man it is the gravest of insults not to accept the offer. In Russia the same rule seems to be operative, and the misconceptions which this gives rise to in a little group of three Russian refugee actresses in an American business man's home on Long Island provide what little there is of serious structure to the amusing comedy of "Dark Eyes", currently being presented by three foreign ladies (one of them the co-author of the piece) and a lot of our regular summer friends at the Royal Alex.

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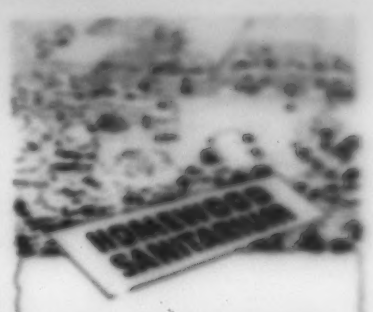

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Au nom des

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qui s'en viennent et qui seront bien accueillis grâce à vous, je souhaite que le scrutin du huit août prochain vous soit favorable afin que nos intérêts continuent d'être sauvegardés sous la protection du grand parti libéral qui est si cher à nos coeurs.

Abraham

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Of Beethoven's First Symphony And Varied Musical Interests

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

NUMEROUS young string performers who are enjoying their initiation to routine orchestral experience at the Promenade Symphony concerts this summer, have been fortunate of late in working under sympathetic conductors whose patience and enthusiasm bring out the best they can give. When he arrived from New York for rehearsal last week, the renowned Erno Rapee must have been surprised to see so many new faces, especially of young women, in an organization with which he had become intimately familiar in recent summers. I chanced to eavesdrop on a group of them before last Thursday's concert and heard them say what a "dear" Mr. Rapee was and how much they have learned just by rehearsing under him.

On the podium he has indeed a fascinating and dignified personality; and a perfect style that exhales intense meticulous musicianship. The quality of expression that marked his rendering of works that are part of musical history was at all times admirable.

From the standpoint of perspective, I was deeply interested in the revival of Beethoven's First Symphony, in C major, opus 21; one of two such works that marked his traditional period as an orchestral composer, before the Titanic Beethoven of all time burst on the world in the Third ("Eroica") Symphony. The singular fact is that Beethoven's individuality had begun to express itself aggressively through the pianoforte, while he was still paying deference to the past in this symphony. Sophisticated listeners who heard the First Symphony last week did not need to be told that it was of the same order as those of Haydn and Mozart. In their hands the form had achieved a beautiful crystallization. John N. Burk, author of the most recent Life of the composer, says his caution was built on reverence. He would not at first try to improve what could not be improved; though he was incapable of perfunctory imitation.

The contrast between the rather impersonal character of this work and the vigorously personal and novel piano Concerto in C minor has often been commented on. Both were born just at the end of the 18th century, but the Concerto seems of the future, while the First Symphony seems a last message from the past. Yet in 1800 certain purists were shocked by its innovations. Though C major was named as the key, the composer chose to open the introductory Adagio in the key of F, lead into G major, and at last enunciate the tonic with insistence in his main theme. Though it signifies nothing to modern listeners this was highly unorthodox in 1800. There were also indications of a tendency to stray from righteousness in the importance he gave to woodwind, and the whimsical modulations of the so-called Minuet. Berlioz praised its "exquisite freshness, lightness and grace"

Berlioz was himself capable of the qualities which delighted him in the Beethoven Minuet. That was shown in "Dance of the Sylphes" from his fantastic opera "The Damnation of Faust", produced in 1846 after he had attained maturity. In the theatre it was never a success, but this delicious morceau and the setting of the Rakoczy March, which superseded Hungarian versions, have survived in the orchestral repertory. How Berlioz came to incorporate an Hungarian national air in his version of "Faust" is characteristic of his wayward nature. While on a tour of Europe in 1845 he was in Hungary and heard the tune for the first time. He resolved to use it in the "Faust" opera he was writing, and to give plausibility, invented a trip to Hungary for Faust and Mephisto unmentioned either in the mediaeval legend or in Goethe's vast dramatic poem. So great a master of orchestration was Berlioz that the air became immortal far beyond its native soil. Mr. Rapee's delicate interpretation of the Dance of the Sylphes was remarkably fine under the circumstances, and he gave the most infectious rendering of the March I have heard since that of Sir Adrian Boult, who gave it the cumulative tenseness of Ravel's "Bolero". Beautiful nuancing marked the performance of the second movement from Tchaikovsky's 5th Symphony; and it goes without saying that the Mozart "Figaro" overture, and the "Vienna Woods" waltz were captivating under his precise, but enthusiastic baton.

As a stage name, "Vivian della Chiesa" always fascinates me, because it is a combination of one of the earliest Cornish names with that of one of the more ancient Italian noble families, which boasts at least one Pope in its annals. The singer happens to have been born in Chicago and for a girl still under 30 has gone far. Indeed one would have to own a voice of magnificent breadth and compass to live up to a name like that. Not merely the largeness and beauty of her tones but their full, even, spontaneous flow, make her rendering of a great bravura aria like "Ah, fors e lui" from Verdi's "Traviata" intensely satisfying. It has always struck me that Verdi was oblivious of the alleged physical condition of Violetta when he composed that aria. A lady with the chest expansion necessary to give full value to its glowing contours would not be likely to fall a victim to tuberculosis. It was one of three arias sung by Miss Chiesa, and in all the unforced flow of emotional utterance was enthralling. She even made a pretty good job of Rossini's "La Danza" though it is a number that demands not only masterly breathing but the resonance of a voice like that of Caruso or Jan Peerce. The soprano is also an artist who can be simple and unoperatic, as in her rendering of Brahms "Cradle Song".

Eileen Law's Recital

The Conservatory Summer School's series of recitals designed with educational intent, has provided much good music. Last week the Canadian contralto, Eileen Law, who has a free, broad style, clarity of tone and perfect phrasing, sang a program of the standard song-recital type. The selections were all of rare quality, classical arias, German lieder and modern French and English groups. The novelty for me was Gabriel Faure's "Lydia", a legato composition of unusual loveliness. He composed a considerable number of beautiful lyrics, but recitalists as a rule concentrate on but one "La Reve". It seems strange that Miss Law, twenty years after his death should be breaking new ground with "Lydia". In the average song recital the English language group seldom measures up to the quality of the rest of the program—is usually quite trashy in fact. Miss Law in numbers by Dunhill, Holst and Herbert Hughes showed what wealth many famous singers overlook.

A Willan Concerto

The Summer School was also treated to a semi-private hearing of Healy Willan's Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, which is to have its real new premiere at Montreal shortly. Dr. Willan himself played the transcription of the orchestral part, and Agnes Butcher, the richly endowed young pianist for whom the work was written was soloist. It is a grave, surging and profoundly interesting work with no sawdust filling, and Miss Butcher played it with authority and beauty of phrasing.

Good viola players being scarce everywhere, Toronto is suffering a real loss in the departure of Cecil Figelski, who has for some years been first violist of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra and the Conservatory String quartet, and in general demand wherever a viola soloist was needed. Reginald Stewart, now conductor of the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra and director of the Peabody Institute is carrying him away to serve both institutions. Figelski first showed his talent as a boy violinist under the late Luigi von Kunits, and one has seen him advance year by year in quality.

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FILM AND THEATRE

From The Picture to Real News; Hitler Almost Killed Twice

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

IT WAS odd to come away from "The Hitler Gang" and read the flaring headlines in the late afternoon papers: Hitler Almost Assassinated. The news report seemed the logical extension of the drama that had just been taking place on the screen; a sequence hastily tacked on to a story that left the master criminal still in relative enjoyment of his successes. Almost Assassinated, in fact, represented the (almost) happy ending.

The whole thing, story and added sequence, runs like a murder mystery that tips its hand too early. Almost anyone could tell after seeing "The Hitler Gang" that the near assassination was an inside job and that the instigator was probably Hermann Goering. From the beginning every suspicion is directed at Herr Goering, a character who had the most to gain from the Fuehrer's disappearance, who was consistently absent whenever the bombs went off, and who had always shown a genial preference for bumping off his friends rather than mere acquaintances. Hermann Goering and Adolf Hitler in fact seem to have been on perfect assassination terms right from the start.

In spite of the fact that most of the material in "The Hitler Gang" is familiar, at least as world rumor, the picture has a curiously startling quality. Screen makeup and some natural and quite extraordinary resemblances combine to give you at moments the feeling that you are actually in the screen presence of some of the nasty originals of the drama. Robert Watson, an old hand at Fuehrer characterizations, is on the whole less violent and more comic than his model. But the outward resemblance combined with an expression of closed and brooding fanaticism is striking enough to make you wonder at times if an actual newsreel sequence may not have been inserted into the film.

The film covers the period of contemporary German history from 1918 to the Blood Purge of 1934—a tight condensation of immense events that results inevitably in too much simplification. You won't find the root causes of world catastrophe in "The Hilter Gang" unless you are willing to accept the premise that half a dozen tigerish men were capable of creating by their own efforts a phenomenon as monstrous and complex as modern Nazism. As an all-round criminal indictment the film is both timely and valuable.

The Height of Something

The impulse towards wilder music and more of it has led to the teaming up of Xavier Cugat and Harry James in the same pictures. Both maestros were present in "Two Girls and a Sailor" and both are back again in "Bathing Beauty". The bands get enough footage to satisfy even the most fanatical jive addict. Maestro James, as the more photogenic, gets the bulk of the solo work.

"Bathing Beauty" which is in technicolor, stars pretty Esther Williams, a sensational swimmer who has in addition some mysterious power of retaining her glamor makeup under water. Supporting her is Red Skelton, a comedian with a maniacal gift for the obvious. Comic Skelton has a pantomime exercise involving a young lady getting up in the morning, which is familiar, but funny in spots. He also has a comedy routine in a ballet sequence. It's vigorous but it doesn't violate the rule that there is a lot more routine than comedy about any parody of the ballet, from Disney down. The film ends with a sort of super screen aquacade, in violent tones of cerise and aquamarine; fountains jetting in the midst of a lake and fire jetting in the midst of the fountains, with curtains of water in between. It's the height of something, whether spectacle or plumbing it would be hard to say.

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These Bally Russians And Their Humors

By LUCY VAN GOGH

IT HAS been noted before that one of the most peculiar and incomprehensible (to outsiders) of the institutions of North America is the right of the North American man not to desire a particular woman if he doesn't happen to want to. In Latin American countries this right does not exist, and if any particular woman offers herself to a man it is the gravest of insults not to accept the offer. In Russia the same rule seems to be operative, and the misconceptions which this gives rise to in a little group of three Russian refugee actresses in an American business man's home on Long Island provide what little there is of serious structure to the amusing comedy of "Dark Eyes", currently being presented by three foreign ladies (one of them the co-author of the piece) and a lot of our regular summer friends at the Royal Alex.

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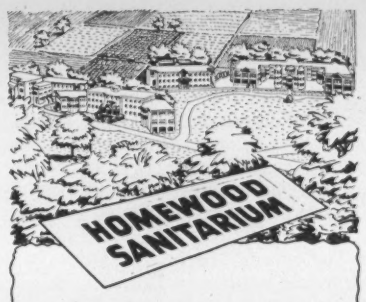
Mr. Rutherfurd's *Hamlet*, deservedly a huge success last week, goes on for another week on Monday. It should be seen.



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WORLD OF WOMEN

Anything Can and Does Happen in the Land of the Silver Screen

By CAY MOORE

Hollywood.

MURIEL hung up the telephone receiver and flew out into the garden where I was counting the Avocados on her tree. "My little green coupe is going into the movies and will earn fifteen dollars a day. Isn't it exciting?"

"My word, Muriel," I said, "anything can happen in Hollywood. Look at yourself. If ever there was a best seller on Home-Town-Girl-Makes-Good, you're it."

I recalled the day plucky Muriel Donnellan left Toronto with, figuratively speaking, nothing but her harp and a shoestring. Now she is plucking her lyre on the Sinatra hour. No, it didn't happen overnight. Muriel scraped her pots with the best of 'em, just managing to eat. Now even her little green bus is making extra velvet. The fabulous Paramount had requisitioned it . . . fifteen bucks a day, and in the barter she was given a de luxe equipage with a tank full of gas.

Fantastic things happen in this fantastic town. They started to happen to me even on the train out. Who should I run into but Walter Winchell and his pretty daughter, Walda. That was a bit of sensation even to Muriel when I told her.

"What's he like? I've always been terrifically curious about the Voice of America," she confessed, "although the rascal has never sent me one of his mythical orchids".

"A likeable chap. What the bobby-sock brigade would call 'super'. He dramatizes himself a bit. People on the train pegged him as an actor, and Walda his leading lady. Walda is only seventeen, and quite serious about dramatics."

Muriel looked interested. "Is he as fast and fluent on the off hour as on the air. I mean—does the guy ever relax?"

"That's what I asked him. I said, 'Mr. Winchell where do you get all the energy?' He replied, 'Cay, I was born with it, and the older I get the more I accumulate. When I get off this train at Pasadena I will go to work'. 'But,' I exclaimed, 'I thought your annual trip to California with Walda was a vacation. Haven't you reporters who could carry on?' Much to my surprise he told me that he had no reporters, only two men in New York to do research and a secretary. He depends a great deal on obliging friends all over the world."

"Nice going," laughed Muriel. "When you see Mr. Winchell again, do introduce me. I might join his obliging friends."

I did see Walter Winchell and Walda again—and on D-Day—up at the Twentieth-Century Fox Studios. Although they were having luncheon, the exuberant Winchell spent little time in his chair. Several times he was up and off to the telephone like a Jack-in-the-box. He had spent all night listening to the radio accounts of the invasion, yet at noon his blue eyes sparkled and he radiated energy.

Carmen Miranda

Later, I saw how Hollywood works to produce a million-dollar picture that is leisurely enjoyed by us from an easy chair in our local theatre. In making the picture "Something For the Boys" camera men and sound men hoisted on rafters were shooting from every angle, while Carmen Miranda working under blazing lights would repeat a scene again and again to assure perfection. During time off Phil Silvers picked his way through mechanical gadgets to talk to me about Toronto and the happy times he had there.

While watching Clifton Webb making the picture "Laura" I was introduced to a tall handsome chap, who had starred in the play "Angel Street", Vincent Price who not long ago appeared on Canadian radio in a broadcast with Judith Evelyn.

Just as I was leaving the Fox studio, a big shining car swung in and who should step out but Cobina Wright, Jr. looking lovelier than when I met her four years ago. Nothing would do but that I drop around to her home to see her new son, Palmer Beaudette, Jr.

By this time running into Charles Boyer was just another incident. It was no great impassioned moment for Boyer either. He was paying his telephone bill. Luncheon with Herbert Marshall recalled happy times when he was in Toronto on War Bond drives.

"The Voice"

I saw Frank Sinatra working hard at rehearsal to live up to the terrific, colossal buildup of his publicity man, Chuck Evans. Frank often brings his favorite daughter, age three, to rehearsal. One day Nancy, all starched up in her white pinafore, interrupted a thirty-piece orchestra. It seems that her daddy had given her two sticks of gum and instructions to sit quietly in the empty theatre. Suddenly Nancy jumped up, climbed onto the stage and pulled the director's coat-tail calling "Axel". Finally Axel dropped his baton, the orchestra stopped playing and he hastily said, "Nancy, what *do* you want?" "Have a 'tick of gum, Axel?" invited Nancy. Her father dashed out from the wings and said, "Nancy, didn't I tell you to sit out in the theatre?" "Yes, daddy," she whimpered, "but I wanted to share my gum with Axel, 'cause he just gave us a boat for our new lake." M.G.M. has decided to make a picture with Bing Crosby and Sinatra and soon these two radio rivals will be seen in "Anchors Away".

On the "Ziegfield" set at M.G.M. where the costumes designed by Helen Rose are something out of this world, I saw a dress made of 1,500 ermine tails. Each tail was sewn by hand onto a slim skirt giving the effect of a tiered-skirt. Fred Astaire came out of his dressing room, and he and his partner Lucille Ball went into their dance routine doing twirls at terrific speed. The director called "Cut", the stage began to revolve and they repeated the number. I turned to my host and said, "What's the object of having them do that fast routine on a revolving stage?" "I really don't know," he replied. It was a tricky shot for the camera men to take and it was a very difficult trick for Astaire and Ball.

Gene Kelly, the new movie idol, was sitting beside me and he said he came to Hollywood from his dancing studio on the East Coast to teach dancing, but Hollywood made an actor out of him. When Fred Astaire saw Gene dancing in the picture "Cover Girl" he asked his rival to do a number with him in his new picture "Ziegfield".

Curious Clothes

Yes, and anything can happen in the way of clothes in Hollywood. Men and women go shopping and drop into a restaurant in outfits any costumer would give his eyeteeth to have thought of. The first rule for gents is no tie. Either huraches or suede shoes may be worn and occasionally a coat, but only if the plaid yoke is different from the back. The ladies are even more inventive. They are always barelegged and resort to fur jackets and coats with shorts and beach shoes. Contrasts at church on a warm June day! A tall dark girl in a large hat of Tuscan straw and tight black linen frock was followed up the aisle by another girl swathed in a mink coat whose brown crepe hat edged in beading bobbed up and down as she walked, for all the world like the tune "The Surrey With The Fringe On Top".

After church at a luncheon I discovered the gal in the large hat was crisp Rosalind Russell proudly displaying her soldier husband, home for the week-end. The mink job was lovely Loretta Young, driving her own station wagon, as her hubby was in camp. The two glamor girls, dressed very quietly, discussed their domestic affairs. Like many other soldiers' wives, Loretta is hoping her husband will be home in August for the blessed event. Rosalind had to leave immediately after lunch in order to play nursemaid to her baby, and as she said "I have only one precious maid, and a temperamental one at that."

Besides maid shortage and gasoline rationing there is a man shortage in Hollywood as elsewhere. At the premier of the picture "Dr. Wassell", Constance Bennett, Elsa Maxweil and Virginia Zanuck shared one escort, and it is a common sight at any night club to see two actresses with one man.

Sir Aubrey

News that one of their actors has been knighted by the King is a sensation even in Hollywood . . . town of a-sensation-a-minute. So, when that fine actor, grand old Aubrey Smith, received word that he was "Sir" Aubrey, it caused no little flutter in the studios. My visit to Sir Aubrey and Lady Smith on that day was a happy experience.

At the end of a winding road in Colorado Canyon, nestled among three mountains, is their English home called "Around the Corner". From the porch you can see Catalina Island through one mountain pass, and through the other, is a wonderful view of the Pacific ocean.

Sir Aubrey came to the gate to meet us, wearing his traditional cricket blazer in brilliant colors. It was just three o'clock, time to feed the birds. After this ceremony was over he said, "Come around and see my kids".

We picked our way through the garden, and at the back of the house were penned two goats with a pair of three-weeks-old kids. Later, when we entered his study off the porch, Sally, a Maltese dog, strutted in like a prima donna to welcome us to the Smith estate.

Sir Aubrey said the knighthood came as a great surprise. "Just look at my desk," he remarked, "these letters and telegrams pouring in, and I try to reply as quickly as possible. Before I forget, would you please mail this bunch for me, when you return to town."

"Have you had an official presentation?" I asked him.

"No," said Sir Aubrey. "I think on account of tragic conditions, I shall just receive a document of some sort. But I will show you the C.B.E. medal I received from King George in 1938 at an investiture at Buckingham Palace when I was in England." He hustled off to fetch it. While I was there, Sir Aubrey received a long distance call from the Toronto Cricket Club, of which he is an honorary member, offering congratulations.

When he hung up he said, "I must tell you a good joke. At luncheon yesterday, Sir Cedric Hardwicke came up, shook hands and said, 'It is so nice to shake hands with one of one's own standing'."

At tea hour Lady Smith joined us, looking slim and lovely in navy slacks, a fresh white tuck-in blouse and her pearls.

"How do you like my garden?" she said.

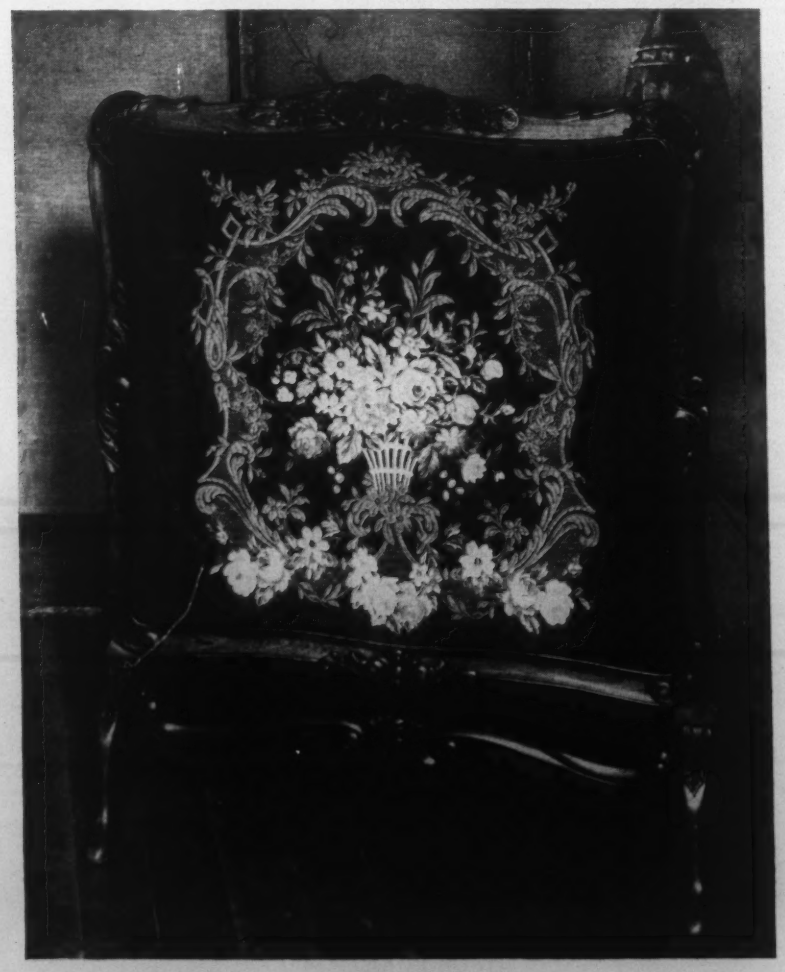
"It is beautiful," I replied. 'Now don't tell me you do the gardening yourself."

"Yes, that's my daily chore."

No Stage Work

Sir Aubrey was leafing through his diary in search of plays and movies he had played in. "Do you plan to return to the theatre?" I asked. Sir Aubrey looked wistful. "You know, I had the offer of a wonderful play but my doctor turned thumbs down. He says I must remain in sunny California and refrain from travelling too much."

Still leafing through his diary, he looked up and said with whimsical severity, "I must tell you, the papers have made a grave mistake. They printed my age as 84—I'm *only* 81 years of age."



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Dinner at Inn of Two Lanterns in a Century-Old Setting

By MARGARET SEATON CORRY

IT COULD be none other than a Frenchmen who wrote and illustrated the little pamphlet that lured us to 'Un Temple de la Gourmandise aux portes de Montreal', for who else would know the importance of 'a pleasant oasis for epicures who like tranquillity" and food prepared according to the cooking principles of Old France? But, the pamphlet failed to acclaim the fairylike setting of the sturdy century-old monastery we found there—the lovely arbors, the artesian well. Being a pamphlet, its words were lean and thin; starved for space.

'Aux Deux Lanternes' Inn is set on a rolling hill where it commands a view of Quebec countryside in all its seasonal moods. It is bordered by wooded banks, which have been trimmed and hollowed to make cool arbors. There is an artesian well, the creation of which has necessitated drilling one hundred and ten feet down through rock. But, what water!—crystal clear like a wild mountain stream; refreshing as a cool wind on a hot summer's day. There is a kitchen garden and, on the hills to the rear, many fruit trees.

Artist and Cartoonist

The inn itself is of heavy stone with walls three or four feet thick; originally planned and built as a residence for monks who sheltered within its quiet about the middle of the last century. Six or seven years ago, it was awakened from its lethargy by a capable artist and talented cartoonist, Eddy Prévost, who foresaw in its possibilities the chance to revive the defunct glories of Old France in food and atmosphere. His partner in genius is Georges Eberlé, a chef from France, who can hold up his head with the most distinguished scholars of the famous Cordon Bleu.

Inside the inn, in a mellowness and flavor that can only belong to a building with strength to retain its qualities over a century, the proprietors have cleverly reproduced an interior of eighteenth century France. An abandoned forge found on the property started it all. After a few trials and a little professional guidance, wrought-iron lamps of good design with a certain restraint in ornamentation were turned out, to the clang of the blacksmith's hammer, by Monsieur Prévost. Fire tongs followed, made from bayonets used in the war of 1870.

Breton Dress

Mademoiselle Berthe Prévost, sister of 'Monsieur', has a special gift for making articles of copper and brass repoussé, an art she learned from an old Frenchman and there are many examples of her work—plaques on the mantel, a canopy over the fireplace, covers for 'le livre d'or', where each visitor signs his name on pages amusingly decorated by the artist-proprietor. All are fashioned with deftness and novelty.

Quite remarkable are the neatly-framed black-and-white drawings that line two walls of the room, giving evidence that Monsieur Eberlé is a graphic, as well as culinary, artist, for the sketches show the handiwork of a patient depictor of French architecture — old houses with gracious façades, stately buildings, town halls, etc.

Madame Eberlé, who assists her husband in his culinary achievements, does not sit and dream in her moments of rare leisure from regular duties. She is much too busy for that. It is she who has capably created the costumes that are worn by the young French-Canadian waitresses. Each costume is an authentic copy of the peasant dress worn in various French provinces and there are seventeen in all. One costume, representative of Brittany, has an organdie cap edged with seventy-five-year-old hand-made lace. Some have laced velvet bodices and full skirts and all are very colorful.

Another fine example of Madame's skill with the needle is the large wall panel she has made of colored worsteds, showing a front view of the inn, with its wide verandah and two lanterns.

In front of the stone fireplace, capacious, solid and large enough to hold the trunk of a century-old tree, is arranged a semi-circle of lounging chairs for those who wish to sip Porto Blanc, or some warming and gratifying 'apéritif', as a prelude to the epicurean ambrosia that follows. On the mantel is a clock from St. Therese, 250 years old.

Seated at one of the tables covered with a red-and-white checkered cloth, in pine chairs with split-ash seats, which have been made by a local farmer, we are presented with a document written in French, which lists the 'plats Francais'. Grateful were we to find that Monsieur stood by ready to make a suggestion when our own whims were slow to dictate their orders on being forced to choose between such celestial harmonies as "le canard à l'orange—le Tours—les escargots de Bourgogne—la tête de veau en tortue—le civet de lapin "—to mention only a few.

The platter of hors d'oeuvres is exceptional, the soup an event, but the chicken and mushrooms cooked in wine—truly, a classic that would make the mouth of Epicurus himself water! Simple they are, too, but, distinguished by a secret—the secret that every phase of the cuisine has been given serious attention—made beautiful to the eye and compelling to the taste!

During the dinner 'exceptionnel', life takes on a subtler glow of well-being. Of course, the fine old sideboards laden with silver cruets, old platters, etc., and the curio cabinets filled with decorative art all add to the natural grain and polish that makes that moment memorable.

Glasses of Liqueur

Fundamentally, there is a restful dêcor coupled with a magnificent cuisine. But, superimposed upon this foundation of excellence is the clientèle of Two Lanterns, which helps make it what it is. As well as the crème of Canada's French, can be found many notables from far and near—as a glimpse into the guest book will reveal.

As a parting refinement—an addition to the democratic friendliness of Monsieur Prévost and his associates—we are offered tiny glasses which echo the sparkle of the peach-colored liquid within. It is a liqueur made on the premises from the stones of the choke cherries gathered on the surrounding hills. Its taste is fragile. Its aroma is elusive. It warms the cockles of our hearts. We look forward to our next meeting at 'Aux Deux Lanternes'.

This black felt wider brim sailor doubles for summer sheers and early fall suits. It has an over-brim of black horsehair edged in soutache braid. G. Howard Hodges decorates it with a pair of full-blown roses.

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SAFELY Doesn't irritate skin or harm clothing.

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For illustrated calendar write the Principal

MISS EDITH M. READ, M.A. LL.D

THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

My Fair Lady Queen of the Gold Castle with Diamond Windows

By MARY L. AKSIM

IT WAS just before the afternoon bell when the shining car slid to a stop in front of the school and all the children stopped playing to look. The car was a long, low, blue one, and the driver was a dark man whose face was shadowed by the windshield, but he leaned over to open the door for the little girl on the seat beside him and the children noticed a big ring as his hand swung out on the door handle. The girl stepped daintily down, waved to the man, and ran quickly into the school. She was a dark little girl with curly hair and she wore white shoes and stockings, a brief pleated skirt, a blue sweater and a big pink hair-bow.

The little girls in the beginners' class hugged each other for joy and jumped up and down with excitement. The lovely newcomer would be in their class! A pink pleated skirt . . . and white shoes for school! They wore white shoes for Sunday School but sturdy brown ones were regulation for week-days. The skipping rope lay flat on the sidewalk as one small girl after another began to tiptoe into the front hall to get a drink at the fountain and to steal a look at their new classmate through the open door of Room 1. Each little woman's heart beat quickly with the thought that perhaps . . . perhaps this new little girl would be her own special friend, someone to share secrets with, some one to wait for after school. Some of the more innocent ones announced their strategy openly,

"I'm going to ask her to play after four!"

"I'm going to ask her to my party!"

"I'm going to ask. . ."

Introductions

Molly Smith, whose mother carried all the village gatherings by her bold, offensive tactics, tiptoed to the door of the beginners' room and stood waving her hand back and forth against the moment when Miss Andrews would turn from the blackboard and notice her. The new little girl was sitting in the vacant seat at the front and Molly smiled a gap-toothed smile at her while she waved. The new little girl smiled back and Molly noticed that she had a ring on too. She would have to remember to ask her mother if she could wear her necklace tomorrow. Her pink-and-blue necklace never failed to impress people.

To Molly's surprise and delight, Miss Andrews not only gave her permission to get her handkerchief from her desk, but she graciously introduced her to the new pupil. "This is Rose," she said, in the tone which teachers reserve for very, very good little girls, "and Molly will help you to get acquainted." She smiled as the two sat down with their arms around each other. Molly examined Rose's sparkling beads and her ring. They were just turning to her brand-new pencil box when the bell rang.

The other little girls watched the two in the front seat with envious eyes and flounced around as they sat down to show that they really didn't care. Molly walked down the aisle to her own desk after all the others were seated. Then Miss Andrews raised her right hand and the children stood up and sang their happy welcome song.

"We hope there'll be something-a-ling-a-ling,
That we can do for you!
In autumn, winter, spring-a-ling-a-ling. . ."

Ella Butt slipped an orange on Rose's desk as she went to take her place at the blackboard and when Miss Andrews wasn't looking she nodded meaningly and pointed to her wrist-watch which didn't really tell the time but you could move the hands. She would let Rose wear it at recess, she told her in pantomine.

Fast Friends

At recess Rose was surrounded. First of all she was caught between the clasped arms of Molly and Ella. "Which," they whispered, "would you rather have," and they paused impressively, "a teeny-weeny-gold-castle-with-diamond-windows, or a little - gold - carriage - with - white-mice-for-horses?" All the little girls waited breathlessly. Rose chose the castle and everybody clapped happily. She would be "My fair lady" and later she was "Cinderella" and then "Mother", in fact, Queen of all the games. Her white shoes twinkled in and out, her olive cheeks were pink, her curls flew as she ran hither and thither followed by her court, her slaves, her fast new friends.

When Miss Andrews dismissed the class at four Rose had to choose two ladies-in-waiting to walk next her. She chose Molly and Ella and the rest followed as close as they could on the narrow village sidewalk. Miss Andrews watched them from the window and her heart was heavy. In teaching three generations of village boys and girls she had grown to know them very, very well. She knew their heights and their depths, their strength and their weaknesses, their greatness and their smallness. . . She walked across to the manual training room where Mr. Taylor was still hammering away and whistling cheerfully.

"This new pupil," she began, "Are there new people in town? I hadn't heard. . . ."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Turner. "Taken over the Turner store." He went on whistling.

Rose came happily to her desk the next morning. She wore a white dress with a misty blue sash and she smiled at the little girls who were gathered around Molly Smith at the back of the room. They didn't seem to notice her at all until Molly whispered something that made them all turn and look at her, and then Rose knew.

Recess came but she stayed at her desk looking at a book which Miss Andrews gave her. Noon and the pupils scrambled for the door without so much as a backward glance. At four Mrs. Smith was waiting in her car and nearly all the little girls piled into the back seat and were whisked away. Rose lingered a while in the deserted playground. She hopped half-heartedly over the hopscotch squares and played a make believe game under the big maple, but after a while she went slowly up the street towards home.

SABOTEUR

SO GIVE three cheers for Mary Lou
A patriotic gal—
She calls each luxury she buys
Keeping up morale.

She frequents all the night clubs
With some high stepping pal
She just acquired some sleek new furs
To bolster her morale.

Of course she buys War Stamps and Bonds,
At least once in a while,
If she has any money left
After living in style.

She's grabbed a hoard of everything
Right down to bobby pins
And she loves the word morale, because
It covers all her sins!

MAY RICHSTONE.

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CONCERNING FOOD

Summer Trek from Town to Country and Problems of Commissariat

By JANET MARCH

THERE must be some clever housekeepers who move their families to their summer cottage in a smooth and well ordered way, but they are not blood sisters to the writer of this column. The frenzy of the past week is just now dying down, soothed by the hum of mosquitoes who seem to have decided 1944 is their year. That series of horrible last minute discoveries is shattering to anyone's morale—for instance, the finding of a whole drawerful of wool mitts and gloves which have solved the local moths' housing problems since April; the exhaustion of Cash's tasteful inscriptions of a camper's name, making a hasty search for indelible ink and tape necessary—two things which produce the very finest blots; then the discovery that the two best suitcases were filled with discarded shoes and sweaters which must be kept mothless to be given to the church in the autumn for something mysterious called "the bale".

As if these troubles weren't enough the last minute disappearance of the cat followed, so that with the car bulging with everything from blocks of ice to the sewing machine we all had to go kittying around the block. When he was caught it was necessary to pack him far from the goldfish who were travelling on the bias in a smallish jam sealer. As the result of these minor disorders the cooking wasn't of a very high standard the first week-end but, oh, the use we got out of the can opener.

Gingerbread mix, canned meat balls and stew, condensed soup, tomato juice and the stand-bys canned corn, peas, and tomatoes all found their place as we ate ourselves steadily out of cans. They gave a wonderful breathing space before the cook plunged into the summer delights of cold meat pies, endless shelling of peas and turning the freezer for home-made ice cream. Gradually the calm of the country makes the indomitable cooking spirit rise again—besides it's almost impossible to get many cans in these parts. At least there are fewer distractions for no piles of library books lie in the hall along with the clothes to go to the cleaners. There are no laundry parcels to put away because the local laundress is now an inspector in a munitions plant so what you don't wash yourself you wear dirty, the telephone hardly ever rings, and if it were not for the weeds in the garden and the crows in the cherry trees it would be no trick at all to turn out Boeuf à la Mode and some of the other delicacies which take about three hours of undivided attention.

Time seems to be one of the major shortages this year. In fact there is never enough of it except in jails and hospitals, so here are a few fairly quick and easy recipes for the fish which you may catch or buy this summer. They come from the very good little booklet "100 Tempting Fish Recipes" issued by the Department of Fisheries, Ottawa.

Fish Soufflé With Peas

3 tablespoons of butter
3 tablespoons of flour
½ cup of milk
½ teaspoon of salt
1 cup of cooked flaked fish
½ cup of cooked peas
3 eggs

Melt the butter, stir in the flour and add the milk. Stir till smooth and thick and then add the egg yolks and beat well. Add the fish and peas and fold in the whites of the eggs well beaten. Pour into a greased casserole and oven poach till done which will be about half an hour to forty minutes in an oven at about 350.

Fish Chowder

3 cups of raw diced fish
4 cups of water
3 tablespoons of butter
1 cup of chopped celery
2 cups of raw diced potatoes
4 cups of milk
⅔ cup of minced onion
Salt and pepper

Fry the onion in the butter (you can substitute bacon grease quite satisfactorily), then add the potatoes and celery and cook for a few minutes. Season well and add the cold water and cook till the vegetables are almost tender and then add the fish. When the fish is cooked add the cold milk and heat to the boiling point.

Everyone keeps telling us that all cooks persist in throwing the vitamins and other important things down the sink along with the water in which food has been cooked. Here is a way of cooking fish in paper which allows you to save up all the juices.

Fish Cooked In Parchment

Cut the fish ready to serve. Soak it in heavily salted cold water for five minutes (2 tablespoons of salt to one cup of water). Rinse the parchment paper in water and spread it. Put the fish in the centre of the paper. Add salt, pepper, chopped onion or chopped celery and a small piece of butter. Arrange the paper so as to form a bag. Tie it with string, put it in boiling water and boil half an hour. Open the paper, drain off the liquid and mix it with an equal amount of milk. Melt two tablespoons of butter, stir in two tablespoons of flour, add the milk and fish juices mixture and serve with the fish. This sounds more trouble than it is and is really worth trying as you can do it with any sort of fish.

INVASION ORDERS FOR THE HOME FRONT

NO BUSY finger shall falter to grieve.
No lonely heart shall be worn on the sleeve.
Concern shall be masked with a quiet face
And tenderness locked in a secret place.

HELEN BALL.

Successful canning requires clinical cleanliness of jars and properly fitted covers. Wash food well, sterilize jars, kettles and ladles. An orderly procedure of preparing just enough food for one canner load at a time, using scientifically approved cooking methods and culling only fresh, ripe vegetables or fruit, are important steps that lead to successful preserving of Victory Garden products. As to quantity, it's everyone her own judge of the amount her family can use but it's useful to remember that a six-quart basket of cherries (flat), for instance, will give five quarts canned, and that each quart sealer of cherries will require approximately one cup of sugar when sugar is used in the process.

OH BOY, WHAT GRAND BREAD!
Fleischmann's fresh Yeast made it!
4 GENERATIONS of Canadian women have used and praised Fleischmann's fresh Yeast—because it gives delicious, light, smooth bread *every* time. War-restricted menus today make bread more than ever an *essential* quick-energy family food. It's low in cost—and helps *stretch* scarcer foods. If you bake bread at home be sure to bake it with Fleischmann's—the fresh Yeast with the familiar yellow label. At your grocer's.
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SUPPLEMENT YOUR DIET by eating 2 cakes of FLEISCHMANN'S fresh Yeast every day. This fresh Yeast is an excellent natural source of the important B Complex Vitamins.

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AYLMER BABY FOODS ensure a ready supply of scientifically prepared fruits and vegetables. Convenient for mother — enjoyed by baby — recommended by doctors. Buy them by the case.

THE LONDON LETTER

Little Variety in Food Promised But Lots of Bread and Potatoes

By P. O'D.

ENGLAND, for a country of its size, has an amazing variety of climate, ranging from the lush humidity of Devon and the Lake Country to the dryness and coolness of the east and south-east. What it is like down in Devon or up in Westmoreland I can't say—the Censor doesn't encourage much talk about weather conditions—but I do know that in Kent and Sussex this year has so far been exceptionally dry and cool. Sufficiently dry and cool to cause a good many people to worry about the future of the harvest.

It is therefore reassuring to get from no less an authority than the Minister of Agriculture a moderately cheerful statement about the general prospects. Mr. Hudson says that hay may be light and also the root crops, but that wheat and potatoes should be good and plentiful. And after all, with bread enough and potatoes enough one shouldn't starve. Monotonous perhaps but nourishing—a good basis, at any rate. Nor is there any likelihood that we shall be limited to this decidedly Spartan diet.

There will, no doubt, be the usual trimmings, thanks to lend-lease and all the rest of it. We shall probably go on eating as we have eaten during nearly five years of war—not so well or with so much variety as we might like, but well enough to keep us alive and going strong. The national health statistics are there to prove what an amazingly good job the Ministry of Food and the Ministry of Agriculture have done between them.

At the same time, with all due respect to the dietitians, it is nonsense to think and talk of food as if it were entirely a matter of vitamins and calories. As that eminent physician and very sensible man, Lord Horder, said the other day, "the pleasant habits of eating and drinking were never meant to be subject to a chemical equation."

But even Lord Horder put in a plea for the continuance of the work of the Food Ministry after the war—ominous as that may sound to the ordinary man. He said that it was "the greatest food educator of all." Well, it may be, but . . . and again but. Eating is a very individual affair.

Poker Threatens Goodwill

Many an American poker-player in this country must jave groaned in anguished protest, or given sulphurous expression to his indignation, when an English jury the other day decided that poker is a game of mere chance and therefore illegal. Many an English player, too, for quite a few have succumbed to the perilous delights of "draw" and "stud".

Some of these English enthusiasts appeared for the defence, including a couple of eminent authorities on contract-bridge. But the jury brushed their arguments and testimony aside. So far as its members were concerned, poker is just a matter of drawing cards and betting on them—about as skilful as rolling dice. Fines were imposed. And now, we are informed, there is a ban on poker in London clubs.

What to Do With Television?

In September, 1939, the television service of the BBC, the only one of its kind in the world, was suspended—just when it was begining to show signs of an astonishing vitality. The public was beginning really to wake up to the possibilities of television, after about ten years of progressive education, beginning with the very modest service from the old BBC station 2LO. Television receiving-sets were already numerous, and some very good results were being obtained—not so good that they couldn't be a lot better, but good enough to arouse general interest.

Naturally a great deal has been learned about television in the nearly five years that have elapsed. War-time experience with radio-location has brought important improvements—so important that a good many people, who had become television fans, are worrying as to whether or not their old sets will be of any use when a new service is started. Television sets are not cheap things, and there were several thousands of them in use, most of them purchased between 1937 and 1939.

There are two schools of thought on this subject of a renewed service. The perfectionists are in favor of the best possible service, regardless of what may have to be scrapped, arguing that this country has always led the world in this matter, and should go on leading it. The step-by-steppers, on the other hand, want to see the old service restored, with such minor improvements as can be made without rendering present sets obsolete.

A special committee under Lord Hankey is considering the problem. It hasn't yet made a report, but is said to lean towards the idea of beginning again where we left off, and fitting in the improvements as we go along. It is the English way of doing things—and not such a bad way either.

Over-Preserved Preservation

In a recent address to the annual meeting of the Oxford Preservation Society, Mr. Goodhart-Rendel, the eminent authority on architecture, gave a sharp warning against the dangers of excessive preservation. He has a pleasantly acid way of expressing himself.

He said that some of the societies engaged in this loving work made him think of a fond mother who should kill and stuff her children in order to perpetuate their innocence. Life meant change, and though they should fight hard against change for the worse, they must also fight hard for the better, or the result would be mere stagnation, as in the famous village of Broadway, in the Cotswolds.

Broadway is certainly a lovely place, with its charming old houses of Cotswold stone, yellowish-grey as if they had been warmed by the suns of many centuries, and each in perfect harmony with all the others. But Broadway has been so carefully preserved that it suggests something in a glass case, or one of those settings that Hollywood designs for its pictures of English country life, lovely but unreal. We can do with one Broadway, but we don't want a series of them.

Outstanding among the world's great warplanes is the Vickers-Supermarine Spitfire. In its original form as an 8-gun fighter with Rolls-Royce Merlin engine—as in the painting below—the Spitfire shared honours with the Hawker Hurricane in "clawing down" the enemy in the Battle of Britain. Later versions, armed with cannon, exceed 400 m.p.h. and can climb to air combat eight miles above the earth.

UNDERWRITING EXCELLENCE

When the British produce something truly excellent it is their custom to underwrite superlative claims by qualifying their achievement as "good." That which they describe as good may well in fact be best.

This insurance in modesty rules out extravagant praise of aircraft which, by their feats, have shown themselves to be conspicuously successful among the world's warplanes.

No degree of understatement can mask the long tally of air victories wherein the technical superiority of British aircraft and aero-engines has given gallant airmen first the means to win the critical Battle of Britain and thereafter many an overseas campaign.

Now, with measured confidence, the aircraft industry looks forward to new worlds to conquer. Understatement of progress and technical development already attained is according to tradition. None the less, the inherent qualities of the industry which—without banners flying—accomplished so much in war remain to serve the different needs of peace.

THE BRITISH AIRCRAFT INDUSTRY

Announcement by The Society of British Aircraft Constructors Ltd. - London - England

THE OTHER PAGE

The Quarrel About the Seating: Or Toscanini Versus Stokowski

By ALEXANDER CHUHALDIN

A NUMBER of people have asked me about the difference in the seating of the orchestra, between Toscanini and Stokowski, which has been the subject of much discussion in the press recently.

Toscanini seats his orchestra (NBC) with first violins and 'cellos, as principals of the string section, on his left, so that the sound of these instruments will travel into the hall to the audience through the "F" holes or openings of the instruments, which thus face the hall. Behind them are the basses from the center to the left, adjoining the 'cellos. Second violins and violas as intermediate sections are on his right. In the very front of Toscanini is the woodwind section, traditionally set there for the best advantage of its individual qualities of tone and acoustical construction. Behind these the horns. On the right side behind the second violins and violas is the brass section, trumpets, trombones, etc., facing the opposite wall of the stage, which modifies the penetrating and blasting quality of the sound of these instruments. It is by this arrangement that the greatest smoothness and binding-together of the composite tone is produced.

When Stokowski reseats the orchestra he places the first and second violins on his left, 'cellos on the right (where they lose their quality because the sound from their "F" holes is thrown away from the public towards the back wall of (the stage) and separated entirely from the double basses, although the 'cellos and basses constitute together the bass section of the symphony precisely as the long strings constitute the bass clef of the organ or piano.

Toscanini, coming back to conduct his orchestra after Stokowski's visit, finds it all upset and reseats it his own way again. But we must not forget that the men of an orchestra are not pipes of an organ, mechanically operated; they are human beings, extremely sensitive to the surrounding sounds to which they are accustomed. To attune their ears again after the distortion of hearing different neighboring sounds around them involves a good deal of strain, which is irritating to the members of the orchestra but especially so to the conductor, who feels that his orchestra is not the same as it was. The physical and psychological reactions of the members of an orchestra are the most important part of a conductor's success, if he understands every individual artist from that standpoint.

A main reason for the alterations made by Stokowski seems to be the supposed requirements of the radio. His seating perhaps provides a clarity of individual sounds which some critics will regard as superior to the smoothness and blending or binding-together of the traditional seating. The Stokowski idea has been largely adopted in radio, where orchestras, though called "symphony," have often a very limited string section which would be wholly ineffective in straight concert-hall performance, the idea being that the seating of the orchestra in relation to the microphones will compensate for the shortage of strings and still produce to the radio listener the sound of a full symphony orchestra. My own belief is that a really keen ear cannot be deceived by this device, and that the string section is bound to sound thin, with a lack of breadth and depth of tone, due to the lack of binding between string and wind sections.

This however is an extremely difficult subject to discuss critically, because the actual "pick-up" of the sounds by the microphones is controlled not by the desires of the conductor but by the taste and sense of balance of the mechanic who places them. Some of these prefer shrieky high frequencies, with emphasis on the squeaking sounds of the violins and the penetration of the trumpets. The conductor is too often helpless against a mechanic whose musical experience may have been based entirely on popular dance and jazz orchestras, and who may have no understanding that the symphony orchestra is an entirely different ensemble.

If the public asks why the broadcasting authorities do not engage, as their mechanics for the placing of the microphones for symphony performances, persons with sufficient musical experience to understand the sound requirements of a symphony, I think the answer is to be found in the recent rise in the radio world of the so-called "producer," who has largely replaced the conductor in the matter of authority over even the placing of the orchestra, to say nothing of the microphones, and who is too often quite devoid of musical experience except such as can be gained by practicing the piano in childhood and attending a few local symphony concerts. To put such an individual in charge of the seating arrangements is simply to destroy the conductor's control over every individual in the orchestra, and even to allow him to manipulate the pick-up is to put him in a position where he can ruin the conductor's work by ignorance or malice.

Whether for concert-hall or for radio, the placing of the orchestra is a most vital matter for the conductor. It means everything—the power to control, not only the whole section, but each individual musician, to balance the proportions of tone volume, to contrive nuances, to convey cues, signalling with the hand to the accustomed place of each individual. All these things are necessary to make a perfect ensemble and to enable the conductor to bring out not merely phrases but often single notes in the precise manner which he desires.

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Heaven will hear the hearty sound.
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Pallid clerk, or weather browned,
Cheery do your work today!

On the job determined stay,
Till the enemy be downed,
People, if you do not pray.

Whether in factory array,
Or whether now you're battle bound,
Cheery do your work today!

Steadily, without dismay,
While you're still above ground,
People, if you do not pray,
Cheery do your work today!

TOM MACINNES.

Vancouver, B.C.

• •

MISSING

"I will be with thee. I will not fail thee nor forsake thee".—Joshua 1:5.

INTO the void, and we cannot know
We who must wonder and wait,
What happened in the fevered sky
As you gallantly braved your fate.

You "failed to return". God, does it mean
For always, or just for a while?
Shall we see again, when this is past,
Your warm, remembered smile?
Helplessly, helplessly waiting here
The eternal question beats
Against the brain relentlessly,
As days trudge into weeks.

Into the void—yet this we know:
That you are not alone,
For the Lord Himself is by your side,
Leading you on toward Home.

LILLIAN COLLIER GRAY.

THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO PREPARE FOR IT

NOT all the wishbones, white horses, nor star-brights in the world can be trusted with the future of your loved ones. Chance is too capricious.

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Americans Saw Bretton Woods as "New Deal"

By ALLAN WATSON

One of our regular contributors, writing from the United States, reviews the recent international monetary conference held under the auspices of the United States Treasury Department at Bretton Woods, N.H.

He believes that the United States, by reason of its immunity from the war sufferings of European nations, has yet to realize that this "one world" of ours is a world of change, that the war's end will reveal a somewhat desperate international monetary position, requiring desperate remedies (the Keynes view) but that American banking opinion still holds that "this is no concern of ours".

IN THE few days which necessarily elapse between the writing and the publishing of this article, the long-awaited international monetary conference at Bretton Woods, N.H., will be over. So I shall refer to it in the past tense.

This involves a certain amount of journalistic risk. No sports writer, for instance, would dare to anticipate an ending for a baseball game, however one-sided the score, because a ball game is never over until that last man is out. But the Bretton Woods Conference was not as unpredictable as a ball game and in its seventh inning, so to speak, it was easy to visualize its end.

For one thing, the planners of the conference were able to so arrange it that it need not, in fact could not, be described as either a great success or a hopeless failure. It was merely a meeting of experts for the purpose of promulgating plans for an international currency and an international bank to finance postwar world trade and investment. (Some of the experts must have qualified rather loosely for the term as over seven hundred attended and there aren't that many monetary wizards in the world.) None of those present was empowered to bind his government and so the suggestions and recommendations mutually arrived at are subject to ratification by over forty governments. In the case of the United States, unfortunately, not by the government but by the Congress.

Not a Failure

The conference can therefore hardly be described as a failure although it was so described, before it was half over, by Raymond Moley, the former U.S. Undersecretary of State and now one of President Roosevelt's most caustic columnist-critics. And Mr. Moley ought to know about conference failures as he was largely responsible for the sad fate of the London Economic Conference in 1933, when he made his quick, dramatic trip there to spike the meeting with the dictum that national recovery was all the new American government could handle, and the devil with international cooperation. But the failure of this conference, or its success, is a question which will not be finally settled for months to come.

Professor Moley, in wishful thinking one fears, called it a failure and, in one sense, a failure it was. It failed to sell the idea of international monetary co-operation to the people of the country whose co-operation is most vitally needed, the United States. It failed to do this because the leaders of American opinion — the bankers and the financial writers — were almost unanimously opposed to it.

Why?

First—you must realize that American conservative banking opinion is Republican opinion, and is therefore opposed to anything and everything that the present Administration advocates, except the theory, if not the practice, of the war effort. So Bretton Woods falls naturally into the same category as the abrogation of the gold clause, the packing of the Supreme Court, the week-early Thanksgiving and the other *lousy* ideas of the New Deal not excusable on the grounds of war effort. The endeavor to keep the monetary conference out of politics was doomed from the start in the United States.

Second—American bankers are not international bankers. They hold to a narrow view—the view that the policies which they adopt towards their own customers are the policies which should be adopted towards the world as a whole. In short, what's sound is sound and what's unsound is unsound, and none of these new-fangled fancy ideas like Keynes's International Clearing Union for us, thank you! The gold standard was good enough for our fathers and the sooner we get back to it the better.

(The present writer discussed the faith of leading American bankers in the gold standard more fully in an article entitled "American Reactions to World Currency Plans" in SATURDAY NIGHT of February 26 last.)

Third—the United States has not, since this war started, seen the status quo in danger of being upset. The country has not been invaded, bombed, or even, strangely enough, sabotaged. It has not suffered, as France and Poland and Russia and England have suffered. Some of these countries actually died, and have to be resurrected. All the European countries realize that out of suffering comes change—that change is the order of the day. But the United States does not realize this.

Bankers' Attitude Bad

These, as I see it, are the main reasons why there is an almost complete lack of approval, or even of understanding, in American banking circles, of the problems that Lord Keynes and the other real experts at Bretton Woods envision. Likewise, it is the cause of the complete lack of interest in non-banking circles. The latter fact, of course, is not to be wondered at, and is hardly worth commenting upon, for how can the man on the street get interested in such an out-of-his-world problem as the propriety of an $8 billion fund to promote postwar international trade? Hardly worth commenting upon indeed, were it not for the ominous fact that the agreements have to be ratified by a group of very ordinary men-on-the-street, who comprise the Senate and the House of Representatives in Washington.

It is disheartening to observe the blind faith of American bankers in the status quo. The same men who, in 1933, were certain that a $60 billion national debt would ruin the country now take in their stride a probable debt of $300 billions. They see no occasion for desperate remedies because they cannot detect any desperate disease. Or rather they think the desperate disease is the New Deal. Their cure-all being "less governmental control," it goes without saying that they are opposed to international monetary co-operation, which necessarily means more, not less, governmental control.

Particularly disheartening has been the attitude of the Hearst Press. I am repeatedly told by my American friends that I should disregard everything that William Randolph Hearst or his bought writers say because "everybody knows Hearst's always wrong." But I'm not so sure that he can be disregarded. His views, while violently expressed, are entirely too much like the views of many "sound Republicans" whom I know. And when a man of the prominence of Samuel Crowther is paid by the Hearst Press to cover Bretton Woods, apparently with instructions to criticize everything, I do not think that the resultant articles are unimportant. They are read by too many people, and they are cleverly pointed with criticism of the over-simplified kind which appeals to the average reader. Thus Mr. Crowther wrote from Bretton Woods as follows:

"The soundness of a country's money depends fundamentally on its domestic policies. If a nation keeps its budget in balance and keeps its foreign buying and selling reasonably in balance, it can use any old thing for money and it will be good money. But if it does not balance its budget and buys more than it can pay for, there is just no way of its having a sound money."

Doesn't Face Facts

Now that sounds like awfully good sense. And it is awfully good sense. There is only one thing wrong with it: Mr. Crowther forgets there's a war on. Or perhaps he thinks that the war should have taken second place to a balanced budget.

In short, Mr. Crowther's world of balanced budgets no longer exists. Yet he resolutely refuses to recognize the necessity for dealing with the world as it is—full of unbalanced budgets and money which is therefore not "good money."

Mr. Crowther also revived Mr. Hearst's old "Red Menace," claiming that the conference was "dominated by fear of Russia," and that Russia was making demands for special concessions, through delegates who, he implied, would be shot on their return to Moscow if they failed to get them.

After reading Mr. Crowther it was refreshing to turn to the ironic utterances of the best of the Democratic syndicated columnists, Samuel Grafton.

Mr. Grafton: "The conference isn't being made any easier to understand by an almost savage American newspaper hostility to Lord Keynes, chief of the British delegation. Lord Keynes is a marked man at Bretton Woods, because he does not believe in unemployment. He is looked at askance by a number of American editorial writers, who believe that unemployment has made America great. Their theory, as expressed in such sound journals of economics and finance as the *New York Daily News*, is that unemployment spurs a man on to hump himself and get a job. . .

"Well, Lord Keynes is having his troubles, mostly with that part of the American press which, alone among the world's great presses, is carefully studying the Bretton Woods conference through a stove lid, and reporting that it sees nothing.

"The strange thing is that internationalist newspapers, like the *New York Times*, are matching isolationist newspapers in their hostility towards at least some of the proposals. Partly, maybe, this is due to a mixed-up feeling that Lord Keynes is a kind of New Dealer, and that to clout him will bloody Roosevelt's nose. A strange soul struggle is going on between internationalism and rugged individualism."

But Mr. Grafton is guilty of over-simplification, too. He writes as if Keynes was the whole conference. That, of course, was not so, and it does not contribute to American understanding to give the impression that the conference consisted of Lord Keynes and seven hundred students.

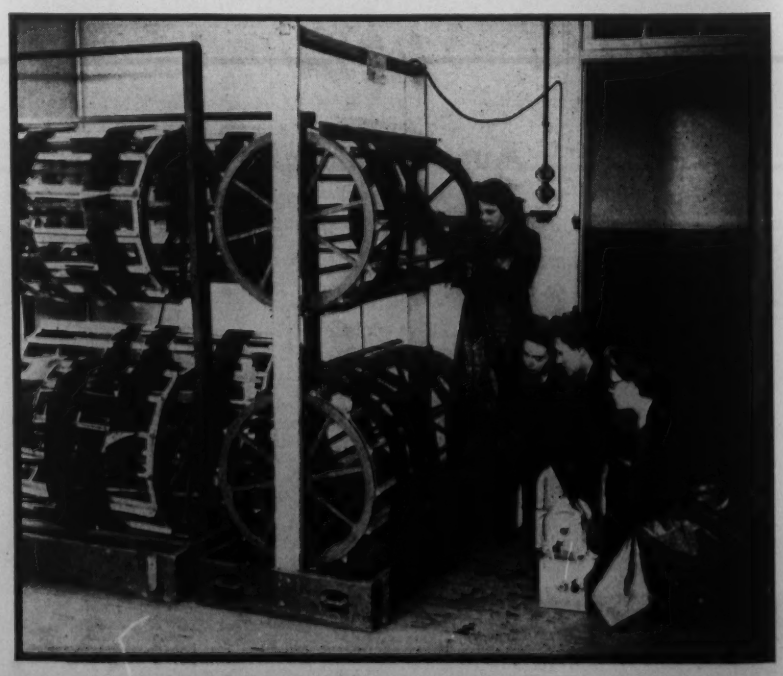
As for the reason why the *New York Times*, and other enlightened services, were opposed, in general, to the conference, Mr. Grafton's "bloodying Roosevelt's nose" theory agrees, I see, with my own first-mentioned reason for American opposition to the conference. But I think my third reason is the important reason why we must fear a growing American disinclination to play ball with the rest of the world, either in economics or politics, after the nasty business of war is finished.

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

The Business Angle, which customarily appears in this space, will be resumed on Mr. Richards' return from vacation.

When a bomber roars back from Germany and lands, almost the first person to board it is an overalled girl photographer of the W.A.A.F. She removes from the camera the magazine loaded with exposed film and bears it away to the darkroom. From these films which the W.A.A.F.'s develop comes the information of the extent of bomb damage inflicted by R.A.F. planes which is broadcast over the radio and reported in the newspapers within a few hours. Girls occupied in this work have been trained at the R.A.F. School of Photography to replace men for other duties. Most of these girls have never handled so much as a Box Brownie before, but they learn to handle a modern aircraft camera (above) and are taught the theory and processes of air photography and how to develop a negative. Some of them expect to go to fighting fronts to service the cameras carried by bombers and fighters. Among their duties will be the developing of combat films in mobile dark rooms at advanced airfields.

At this work they wear blue dungaree overalls and large waterproof aprons to protect their clothes, like the beginners in the picture above, who also wear eyeless masks in learning to handle sensitive material and equipment in complete darkness. Handling precious photographs taken by airmen, they must cut their nails, as the tiniest scratch may be misinterpreted. Below: trainees load developed film on to drying drums.



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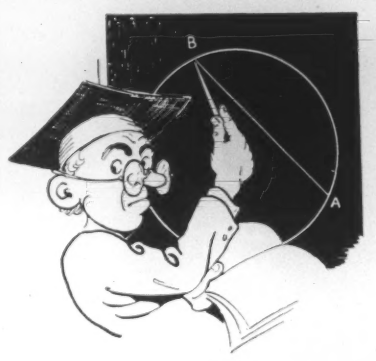

Simple Logic

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Notice is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of 15 cents per share on the class "A" shares of the Company has been declared for the quarter ending September 30th, 1944, payable on the 2nd day of October, 1944, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on the 15th day of September, 1944.

By order of the Board.

E. L. Patchet,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Toronto, Ont.
July 24, 1944.

for Advertising and Publication Printing
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DIVIDEND NO. 24

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a quarterly dividend of two cents per share has been declared by the Directors of the Company, payable in Canadian funds, on August 15th, 1944, to shareholders of record at close of business July 31st, 1944.

By Order of the Board

W. W. McBRIEN
Secretary-Treasurer

July 19th, 1944.

NORANDA MINES, LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that an interim dividend of One Dollar ($1.00) per share, payable in Canadian funds, has been declared by the Directors of Noranda Mines Limited, payable September 15th, 1944, to shareholders of record at the close of business August 15th, 1944.

By order of the Board.

J. R. BRADFIELD,
Secretary.

Toronto, July 20th, 1944.

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

G. A. M., Shawville, Que.—All development work by new gold mining enterprises has been eliminated by the government since 1940 on account of the war, consequently only exploratory work, such as diamond drilling, surface work or geological surveys can be done and it is possible such a program might be undertaken by AMALGAMATED LARDER MINES while the war is on. The company has excellent management, the financing being done by Noranda Mines, Anglo-Huronian, Ventures and Consolidated Mining & Smelting, whose efforts are motivated by hopes of securing a duplication of the conditions which made Kerr-Addison such an outstanding mine. Hence the company is assured of sufficient finances to bring the property into production should developments justify such a move. The property consolidates the holdings of several companies and favorable indications have been secured from diamond drilling on some of the claims in the group. On the Cheminis property, ore reserves are estimated at over 320,000 tons, valued at approximately $1,900,000. The shares hold interesting speculative appeal for the after war period.

R.H.F., Barrie, Ont. — The sharp contrast between the showing of CANADIAN INDUSTRIAL ALCOHOL in the three months ended May 31, 1944, when profits were higher than in the corresponding period of the previous year, and the third quarter of DISTILLERS CORPORATION - SEAGRAMS when profits dropped sharply to only 18c per share common follows from the fact that operations of the two companies are now on an entirely different basis. Distilling facilities of both companies are entirely devoted to the production of industrial alcohol for war purposes. Canadian Industrial Alcohol, in order to conserve its beverage stocks has been rationing its customers but Distillers-Seagrams has endeavoured to maintain its sales by the acquisition of other companies' inventories at prices substantially in excess of its own former production costs. Therefore the company adopted the last-in first-out method of inventory valuation in order to reflect in current, rather than future, operating expenses the presently rising cost of inventory. Effect of this policy was to pull profits down substantially in the April quarter when the U.S. Federal Excise Tax added heavily to the cost of floor stocks on which duty has been paid. The latter tax, of course, had no bearing on the operations of Canadian Industrial Alcohol, which confines its business to Canada.

J. A. G., Stratford, Ont.—As GOLDEN MANITOU MINES is primarily a zinc producer and was brought into production in answer to the war demand for this metal, the prevailing market price appears to reflect uncertainty as to the postwar future of the company. Present sales of zinc concentrates to the Metals Reserve Co., of the United States call for a premium but these contracts end later this year and if these are renewed it is very questionable if the price will be anywhere near as high as that now paid. The company however, has reported good gold values from recent surface and underground drilling. Incidentally, the precious metal content of the ore is paying

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

Advance or Decline?

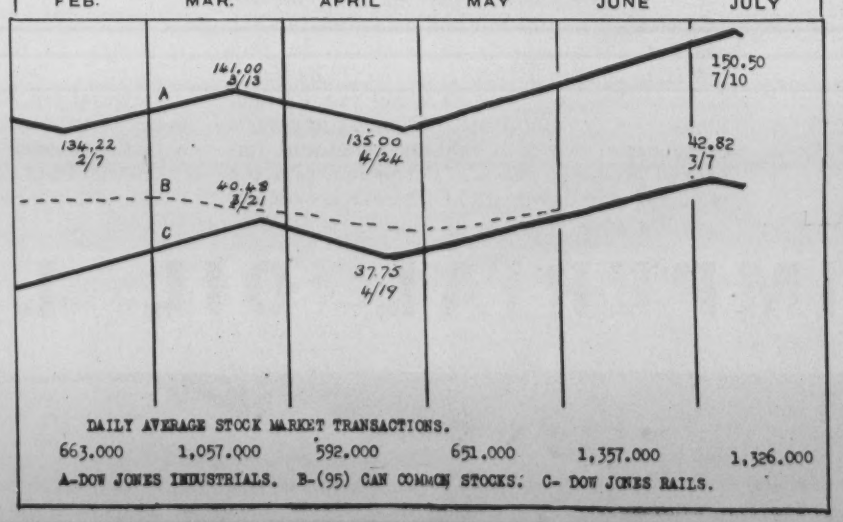
BY HARUSPEX

The ONE TO TWO-YEAR TREND: Stocks, following their sustained advance from the April 1942 lows, completed a zone of distribution in July 1943, now being renewed, preparatory to eventual cyclical decline. The SEVERAL-MONTH TREND of the market is to be classed as upward from the late November 1943 low points of 129.57 on the Dow-Jones industrial average, 31.50 on the rail average. For detailed discussion of technical position, see remarks below.

Readers are familiar with our general views as to the stock market's broader trend. In its entirety, the advance which got under way in April 1942 is now in its 27th month, or somewhat past the 24-month period regarded as about the normal duration for a major bull swing. The relatively long time that the advance has run, the percentage degree by which prices have risen, the increased volume of activity being witnessed, plus the approach of the European war's end and the huge expenditure of government cash, all are suggestive that the strength being currently witnessed represents a renewal of distribution at somewhat above the 1943 peak. Under this assumption the current period would compare with late 1939 and early 1940, when renewed distribution at around the 1938 peaks took place; or with the first quarter of 1937.

As to the extent of the current move, we pointed out, in a recent Forecast certain technical phenomena usually helpful in gauging a market top and added that among those not yet present was "the market setback of five to ten points coming two to five weeks before the final top." During the past week some weakness has developed in the price structure. While it is too early, as yet, to classify this weakness as the type of setback referred to above, evidences point in that direction. If such proves the case, the current weakness, unless it becomes considerably sharper than has so far been evident, could run over two or three weeks, after which renewed strength of two to five weeks, then top, would be normal procedure. Collapse of Germany or Japan, of course, could, because of the major character of the event, cut this normal advancing expectancy short. If the advance extends to 160/165 on the Dow-Jones industrial average, an excellent opportunity will be furnished, in our opinion, for further profit taking via sales from among stocks being currently held as per our previous advices.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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Head Office, 320 Bay St., Toronto
Assets Exceed $61,000,000

THE MONTREAL COTTONS LIMITED

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A QUARTERLY DIVIDEND OF ONE AND THREE QUARTERS PERCENT (1¾%), being at the rate of seven percent (7%), per annum, has been declared upon the preferred stock of the Company, and cheques will be mailed on the fifteenth day of September next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 15th day of August, 1944.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD,
CHAS. GURNHAM,
SECRETARY-TREASURER.

Valleyfield, July 19th, 1944.

The Montreal Cottons Limited

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A DIVIDEND OF ONE PERCENT (1%), has been declared upon the Common Stock of the Company, and cheques will be mailed on the fifteenth day of September next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 15th day of August, 1944.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD,
CHAS. GURNHAM,
SECRETARY-TREASURER.

Valleyfield, July 19th, 1944.

ALUMINIUM LIMITED

COMMON DIVIDEND

On July 20th, 1944, a quarterly dividend of $2.00 was declared on the Common Shares of this Company payable in Canadian Funds September 5th, 1944, to shareholders of record at the close of business August 11th, 1944.

Montreal
July 20th, 1944

J. A. DULLEA,
Secretary

McIntyre Porcupine Mines
LIMITED
(No Personal Liability)

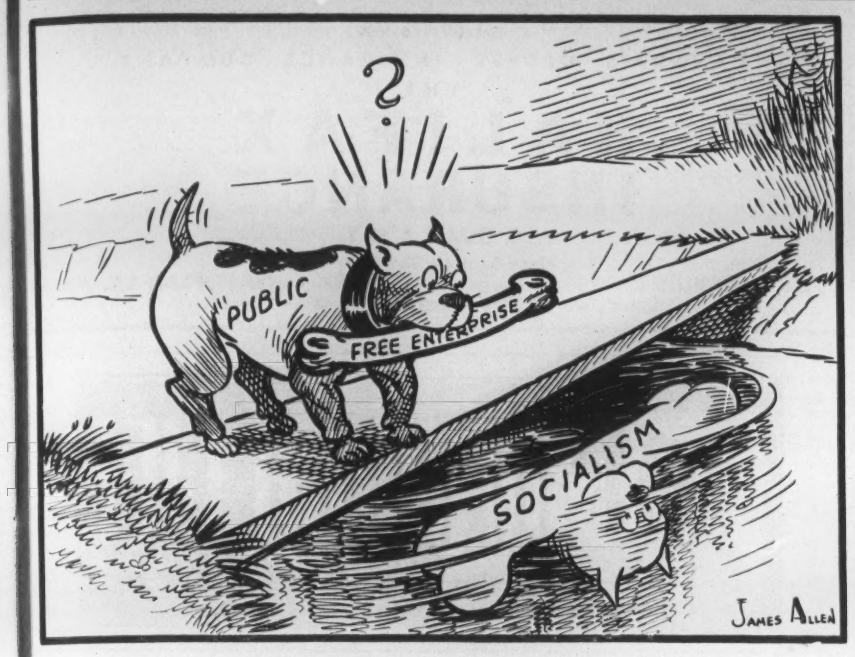
DIVIDEND NO. 108

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of fifty-five and one-half cents (55½c) per share in Canadian currency will be paid on September 1, 1944, to shareholders of record at the close of business August 1, 1944.

By Order of the Board.

W. B. DIX,
Treasurer.

Dated at Toronto, July 18, 1944.



BETTER HOLD ON, FIDO!

practically all the mines' operating cost, the most of the zinc production being profit. At the recent annual meeting it was stated the mine was in a better position than when production commenced and the outlook for this year was regarded as promising. It is expected the company's loan from the bank will be fully repaid by the end of July. After this consideration will be given to the retirement of the outstanding $425,000 of bonds.

S.N.C., Port Credit, Ont.—Apparently 1944 sales of G. TAMBLYN LTD. may establish a new high, judging by the company's recent statement that net profits for the year were up $119,540 to $123,760. During the year the "terminal" bonds were cancelled to an amount of $629,341 leaving the amount outstanding $1,472,389. This indicates that the total bonds of Algoma Central Terminals has been almost cut in two during the past two years, as during 1942 the total outstanding was reduced from $2,748,916 to $2,101,729. Thus, the amount cancelled in 1942 and 1943 was almost $1,300,000. At the present rate of redemption, the total will be wiped out entirely by the end of 1945—a favourable development for the holders of the bonds and other securities of Algoma Central and Hudson Bay Railway Company.

M. G. G., Walkerville, Ont.—STEEP ROCK shares, in my opinion, hold interesting speculative possibilities, particularly if purchased with the long-term viewpoint. Millions of tons of exceptionally good grade ore have been indicated and production is expected to commence this summer, which means that the program since construction commenced will have been completed in 17 months instead of the three years expected in the original plans. The ultimate tonnage of iron ore produced should be very great and of much value and importance over many decades in Canadian economy. Operations have been kept well within estimates and when production commences the company is expected to have working capital of between $1,000,000 and $1,500,000. It is anticipated output for the balance of 1944 will be around $2,500,000. When dividends will commence is difficult to state but it is estimated if the company desired to apply the whole of the earnings to the retirement of the funded obligation these could be wholly wiped off from the proceeds of three years' production at the rate of 2,000,000 tons per annum, which is the minimum proposed annual rate.

R. J. F., Montreal, Que.—Consolidated net profit of UNITED FUEL INVESTMENTS LTD. and subsidiaries for the year ended March 31, 1944—after bond interest, depreciation and taxes on income—amounted to $368,778 compared with $310,105 after similiar charges for the previous year. This net profit was equal to $4.09 a share on the 6% cumulative "A" preferred shares of $50 par, against $3.45 a share earned on this stock in the preceding period. Full $3 dividends were again paid on this issue. No dividends are paid on the "B" preferred, nor on the common stock of which nearly all is owned jointly by Union Gas of Canada and Dominion Natural Gas. Profit from operations rose to $1,582,692 from $1,389,106 the previous year, reflecting mainly a larger gross profit on coke sold for industrial purposes. There was a moderate reduction in gross revenue on gas sales. Other factors lifting net profit were a net reduction in production and general expenses and decreased provision for amortization of plants erected for war requirements.

Kelvinator of Canada Limited

WARTIME restrictions against the manufacture of household refrigerators and the proposed electrification of rural and farming communities should result in a period of active operations for the industry in the postwar years. Orders for such appliances had to be deferred pending removal of restrictions and the demand for electric refrigerators for furnishing new homes will have to wait until the industry is in a position to go into production again. There will also be the replacements of worn out, or obsolete, household equipment and the impetus that will be given operations as electrification of communities is extended under plans for the postwar years.

Kelvinator of Canada Limited of late years has been operating on production of commercial refrigerators and on war contracts. The company has made plans for the change over to peacetime production and has maintained a good liquid position for this purpose.

In reporting to shareholders for the fiscal year ended September 30, 1943, George W. Mason, President, stated Kelvinator has made preparations for an expansion in refrigeration engineering and manufacturing research, believing that at the end of the war it is quite within the range of possibility that changing conditions may demand more rather than less manufacturing genius and skill than were needed prior to 1939. Kelvinator has currently furnished employment to more than double the peacetime average number of its workers, and as a result has built up a splendid manufacturing organization which should stand the company in splendid stead during the postwar period, he informed shareholders.

Net profit for the fiscal year ended September 30, 1943, of $157,821 compared with $159,156 for the previous year and with $143,025 for the year ended September 30, 1938. The 1943 net was equal to $1.58 per share and was inclusive of approximately 8c per share refundable tax, and that for 1941-1942 to $1.59 a share, inclusive of approximately 2c a share refundable tax.

Although net working capital of $576,600 at September 30, 1943 was above that of $401,765 at the end of the preceding year, it represented a decrease from $727,469 at September 30, 1938. However, the decrease as between 1938 and 1943 was due to capital expenditures and repayment of most of the loan made to the company by the parent company to provide a portion of the funds required for the redemption of the preferred stock. In 1938 the balance of $496,000 par value of the 7% cumulative preferred stock was called for redemption at 105. To provide part of the required funds $450,000 was borrowed as a deferred loan from Nash-Kelvinator Corporation. By September 30, 1943, all but $90,000 of this loan had been repaid and this balance has since been repaid. Retirement of the preferred leaves the company with the one class of stock outstanding, 100,000 common shares of no par value.

No dividends are being paid on the common stock at the present time, with the last distribution (25c a share) made in September 1941. An initial interim dividend of $1.25 a share was paid in 1936, and varying amounts paid in subsequent years until discontinued in 1941.

Kelvinator of Canada Limited was incorporated in 1926 with a Dominion charter. The company has the exclusive right to manufacture and market both "Kelvinator" and "Leonard" electric refrigerators in Canada and the British Empire. The Canadian plant is operated at London, Ontario, and Kelvinator Limited, London, England, is a wholly-owned subsidiary.

Price range and price earnings ratio 1938-1943, inclusive, follows:

	Price Range High	Price Range Low	Earned Per Share	Price Earnings Ratio High	Price Earnings Ratio Low	Dividends Per Share
1943	14¾	10	$1.58-a	9.3	6.3	—
1942	9¼	6⅝	1.59-a	5.8	4.0	—
1941	11	9	1.20	9.2	7.5	$0.75
1940	9½	5	1.66	5.7	3.0	1.00
1939	12	9	0.85	14.1	10.5	0.50
1938	15½	10	1.26	12.3	7.9	0.75
				8.8	6.1	
Approximate Current Ratio					11.7	

Note—High and Low Prices for calendar years. Earnings and Dividends for fiscal years ending September 30.
a—Includes 8c. per share refundable excess profits tax 1943 and 2c. a share 1942.

COMPARATIVE STATISTICS

Year Ended September 30	1943	1942	1941	1940	1939	1938
Net Profit	$157,821-x	$159,156-x	$120,323	$165,620	$ 84,537	$143,025
Surplus	799,734	641,913	482,757	437,434	375,967	374,430
Current Assets	1,325,637	892,570	938,251	716,756	972,064	894,598
Current Liabilities	749,037	490,805	399,542	234,651	186,567	167,129
Net Working Capital	576,600	401,765	538,709	482,105	785,497	727,469
Cash	283,873	269,171	223,492	176,245	251,449	160,408
Dominion Bonds	228,910	—	49,791	37,031	—	—

x—Includes $8,400 refundable tax 1943 and $1,700 1942.

BANK OF MONTREAL
Established 1817

DIVIDEND NO. 325

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND of ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per share upon the paid up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current quarter, payable on and after FRIDAY, the FIRST day of SEPTEMBER next, to Shareholders of record at close of business on 31st July, 1944.

By Order of the Board.

B. C. GARDNER,
General Manager.

Montreal, 18th July, 1944.

KERR-ADDISON
GOLD MINES LIMITED
(No Personal Liability)

INTERIM DIVIDEND NO. 25

Notice is hereby given that an interim dividend of five cents per share has been declared on the issued capital stock of the company, payable in Canadian funds on Tuesday, August 29th, 1944, to shareholders of record at the close of business on Tuesday, August 1st, 1944.

By Order of the Board.

G. A. CAVIN,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Toronto, Ontario,
July 18th, 1944.

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York Knitting Mills, Limited

DIVIDEND NOTICES

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of 3½% has been declared on the First Preference Stock of the Company for the six months ended June 30th, 1944, payable August 15th, to shareholders of record at the close of business on July 31st, 1944.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of 3½% has been declared on the Second Preference Stock of the Company for the six months ended June 30th, 1944, payable August 15th, to shareholders of record at the close of business on July 31st, 1944.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of 20c per share has been declared on the Common Stock of the Company for the six months ended June 30th, 1944, payable August 15th, to shareholders of record at the close of business on July 31st, 1944.

By Order of the Board,

Wm. A. Clarke,
Secretary.

Toronto, July 19, 1944.

DIVIDEND NOTICE
HIRAM WALKER-GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED

DIVIDEND NO. 102

A quarterly dividend of 25c a share has been declared on the outstanding no par value Cumulative Dividend Redeemable Preference Stock of this Company, payable Friday, September 15, 1944 to shareholders of record at the close of business on Friday, August 11.

DIVIDEND NO. 103

A dividend of $1.00 a share has been declared on the outstanding no par value Common Stock of this Company, payable Friday, September 15, 1944 to shareholders of record at the close of business on Friday, August 11.

By Order of the Board,

FLETCHER RUARK,
Secretary.

Walkerville, Canada
July 13, 1944.

ABOUT INSURANCE

What Does Term "Accidental Means" Signify in Insurance?

By GEORGE GILBERT

It is frequently difficult to determine whether a death resulting from bodily injury comes within the coverage of an accident policy or the double indemnity provisions of a life policy insuring against death through "external, violent and accidental means".

One authority holds that before there can be liability for the results of an injury, it must be shown that not only was such injury accidental in the sense that it was unforeseen, unfortunate and not brought about by design but that the means by which it was effected were also accidental.

TO THOSE with death claims to collect under accident policies or under the double indemnity provisions of life policies, the question of what constitutes "external, violent and accidental means," often becomes of prime importance. There is sometimes confusion in the minds of claimants as to what is included under the words "accidental means" in the contract.

In one case, suit was brought to recover the double indemnity benefit under a life insurance policy issued to one W. D. McCrary, son of the claimant. The policy also contained a provision that the double indemnity benefit would not apply if the insured's death resulted from any violation of law by the insured. Upon the death of the insured, the insurance company tendered the face amount of the policy to the beneficiary, who was the claimant in the case, less the amount of a policy loan previously made.

This was refused, and action was taken to recover the amount. At the trial it was brought out that one Joe G. McMaken had returned to his home between 10 and 11 p.m. and had heard voices of two people speaking therein. He had been informed that the insured was visiting his wife and, suspecting that he was there with her, went into the basement where he stayed for some time. He had a shotgun there and later took the gun and went into the living room which adjoined the bedroom. He heard the regular breathing of two people asleep.

Insured Killed

According to the testimony, he sat in a chair near the door of the living room, just outside the bedroom, until about 5 o'clock in the morning. Upon entering the bedroom and turning on the light, he saw the insured sitting in bed with his wife. The insured reached for something and then rolled off the bed. McMaken shot him three times. A doctor was called, and on examination found the insured in a dying condition with a gunshot wound in the leg, another in the left chest and a third in the head. He died within about fifteen minutes after the doctor arrived and within about an hour after he was shot.

A motion by the insurance company for a directed verdict in favor of the claimant for the face amount of the policy, less the loan, and for no other amount was granted by the court, except that the court allowed interest, costs and lawyer's fees. Both parties appealed. It was held by the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals of Nebraska that to render the insurance company liable for double indemnity, the cause of the injury causing death must have been accidental.

It was held that the result of what is voluntarily done, although unforeseen, unlooked for, unexpected, or disappointing, does not make the cause accidental. Under the undisputed facts, the court stated, the insured's death was accidental only in the sense that it was unforeseen and unexpected; the means were not accidental but were the direct result of the insured's own unlawful acts. The death of the insured did not, within the meaning of the policy, result from bodily injury effected through accidental cause. The death of the insured, it was held, was the result of his violation of law, and the trial court had properly instructed a verdict, denying the claimant the right to recover double indemnity.

It was further held that as the insurance company had tendered to the claimant $1,769.47, the amount due for the life insurance without the double indemnity, after deducting a loan made to the insured, the effect of the tender was to stop the running of interest unless it appeared that the payor since the tender had realized interest on the money tendered. An offer of judgment or the tender of the full amount actually due or recovered, the court stated. will ordinarily defeat the right to recover costs.

Lawyer's Fee Not Allowed

Under the state statute, the court held, the claimant could not recover a lawyer's fee where the recovery does not exceed the tender made, or where the claimant was not the successful party or where it appears that there was in fact no reasonable necessity for bringing the action. There was no need, the court stated, for bringing the suit to recover the face value of the policy, less the loan properly charged against it, and therefore lawyer's fees ought not to have been taxed. Judgment of the trial court was accordingly modified by striking therefrom the amount of

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interest and lawyer's fees and the provision for the taxation of costs in claimant's favor. (84 Federal (2d) 790.)

In another case, the insured was by the terms of his policy covered "against loss of life . . . or time, resulting directly and independently of all other causes, from bodily injuries sustained through purely accidental means," etc. While in the employ of a land company, the insured undertook to load a wild horse onto a truck. The horse was rounded into a barn, roped and a war bridle put on. After about two hours of working and struggling, he succeeded in getting the horse onto the truck, but was so exhausted that he went home to bed and complained of being sick.

Thereafter he was not confined to bed all the time and did occasional work. About three weeks after his struggle with the horse, a doctor was called and found the insured in bed with an attack of influenza and high fever. An examination revealed what the doctor termed a coronary thrombus, "a blood clot forming in one of the main blood vessels that supply the heart muscles".

Doctor's Testimony

Two days later the insured died, and the physician certified that the death "was due to coronary thrombosis and influenza." At the trial of the action to recover under the policy, the physician testified that when he examined the insured he found no irregularities of the heart or any heart trouble except that the heart was rapid as "a natural sequence of his fever"; that influenza causes a rapid heart action; that influenza might have caused the coronary thrombosis of which he died but that this condition could have been caused by the severe exertion in his struggle with the horse; and that it was entirely out of the question for him to state whether the blood clot was the result of the influenza or whether the exertion had so weakened the insured that he was subjected to this condition.

A motion by the insurance association for a directed verdict, made at the close of the evidence, was overruled, and verdict and judgment were in favor of the claimant. The insurance association appealed. It was held by the Supreme Court of North Dakota that in a policy insuring against loss of life resulting directly and independently of all other causes from bodily injuries sustained through purely accidental means, the term "accidental means" includes such means as produce effects which are not their natural and probable consequences.

Where an insured during his work is subjected to such great bodily strain that it results in injury to the heart, such injury is a bodily injury within the meaning of the policy even if there be no wounds or bruises upon his body, the court stated, but it added that recovery for loss of life resulting directly and independently of all other causes from bodily injuries sustained through purely accidental means cannot rest upon pure speculation under a claim that the death was a consequence of overexertion. It was held that direct connection between the overexertion and the death must be shown by satisfactory proof and that the evidence failed to show such connection. Judgment of the court below was reversed and new trial ordered. A rehearing was later denied. (289 North Western 591).

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Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

I am contemplating taking out a policy for sickness & accident only, with the Loyal Protective, which is an American Company. Within the policy there is a so-called non-cancellable clause. I believe this condition is, *perhaps*, embodied in the policy but, I thought it was so rarely found in any policy, so as to be very questionable. Could you tell me in your column of enquiries, if such has been found to be absolutely true to fact, if any policyholder has had any such experience of having his policy renewed and has collected for any sickness total disability claim? Usually the policy is cancelled after any total disability.

—A. W. J., Vancouver, B.C.

Loyal Protective Life Insurance Company, with head office at Boston and Canadian Head office at Toronto, has been in business since 1909, and has been operating in Canada under Dominion registry since 1913. It is regularly licensed in this country for the transaction of life, accident and sickness insurance, and has a deposit with the Government at Ottawa for the protection of Canadian policyholders exclusively. It is in a sound financial position, and all claims are readily collectable. At the end of 1943 its total admitted assets in Canada were $464,600, while its total liabilities in this country amounted to $181,131, showing an excess of assets in Canada over liabilities in Canada of $283,409.

Under its Permanent Protection Policy the insured has the right to renew the policy by the payment of the stipulated premium, when due. Condition H of the General Conditions should be noted in this connection. It reads: "The monthly indemnities provided by this policy, collectively, shall not be paid for more than twenty months in the aggregate. In the event the aggregate limit of monthly indemnities herein provided has been paid by the Company, it is understood and agreed that thereafter the Insured may at his option continue this policy in force for its death and dismemberment benefits by the payment when due of one-third the premium herein provided. All indemnity accruing for bodily injuries, fatal or otherwise, sustained after the insured has attained age 55 shall be reduced by 5 per cent for each full year of age attained beyond age 54, provided, however, that such indemnity shall in no event be reduced below 50 per cent of the amount otherwise payable. All indemnity accruing for disability due to sickness beginning after age 55 shall be reduced by 10 per cent for each full year of age attained beyond age 54 up to and including age 59, and further reduced by 5 per cent for each full year of age attained beyond age 59. After the insured has passed his 70th birthday, this policy shall be effective only in respect to the indemnities for such bodily injuries and the conditions and provisions and reductions relative thereto."

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DI7-O

NEWS OF THE MINES

Porcupine Expansion Looked For As Soon As Labor Supply Eases

By JOHN M. GRANT

WHILE ore news from Yellowknife and Quebec has been overshadowing developments in other districts the 33-year-old Porcupine camp, long the leader in tonnage and value of gold produced, has by no means been neglected in new exploration, which is expected to expand immediately labor conditions permit. There has been considerable staking both east and west of the producing belt, with the eastern section, particularly around Night Hawk Lake, prominent in the news. Results at Lakefield Porcupine Gold Mines, formerly the Gold Island property, are attracting new attention to the possibilities of easterly extensions to the Porcupine camp.

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The recent drilling of four new holes, combined with the results of nine previously drilled holes by Lakefield Porcupine, has brought the indicated ore in the shearing to approximately 250,000 tons, of $13 grade to a depth of 500 feet, which, with an additional 300,000 tons in the adjacent porphyry structure, averaging $8 grade, has given a total reserve of 550,000 tons of an indicated average grade of $10.40, gold at $38.50, to a depth of 500 feet. This tonnage is said to be sufficient to supply a 500-ton mill for three years. It is reported that Hollinger Consolidated is likely to provide the finances to develop the property to the production stage.

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Mining Corporation of Canada recently announced acquisition of a group of 11 claims in Cody township, in the Night Hawk Lake area. The claims were acquired from Lakefield Porcupine Gold Mines, and were part of ground lately secured by that company and known as the Rivers property. Another group of 14 claims, adjoining Shanwell Gold Mine on the west, has also been taken over for cash and a stock consideration in a new company to be formed on the completion of 3,000 feet of exploratory diamond drilling.

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Approximately $300,000 is being expended this year in expansion of productive capacity by Canadian Industrial Minerals Ltd., which owns and operates a large barite deposit in Nova Scotia. The plans for increased facilities, which are being rapidly carried through, include doubling of mill capacity, provision of greater storage space and installation of a conveyor system to provide complete automatic loading facilities from the storage bins to the boats. Springer Sturgeon Gold Mines which owns a 92% interest in the company, recently arranged for the delivery of 60,000 tons of barite this year to the War Production Board of Washington. This is expected to bring total sales of crude and ground barite to over 100,000 tons in 1944.

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With sufficient ore developed on the first and second levels to keep it at capacity for about two years, producion has commenced at another metal mine in Quebec. This is Aldermac Mining Corp., where the 250-ton mill went into operation earlier this month on its property near Sherbrooke. The company has contracts which will take a year to complete and a good margin of profit is indicated. Two concentrates are to be made, one of zinc and another of copper and lead. The shaft has been deepened and a third level established, with a fourth to be opened as soon as possible.

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More than half of the zinc produced in Canada comes from the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company's Sullivan silver-lead-zinc mine near Kimberley, British Columbia. The lead and zinc concentrates produced in the concentrator at the Sullivan mine are shipped by rail 185 miles to the company's smelter and refinery at Tadanac near Trail. It is understood that "Smelters" has completed arrangements which assure continuation of its shipments to the United Kingdom until the fall of 1945, at least. The contracts, however, may be automatically terminated three months after the war ends. The company's entire surplus of zinc, after Canadian needs have been taken care of, will go to the United Kingdom. While the British contract only calls for a specified tonnage of lead it is expected that due to the reduced production due to labor shortage, this will account for all the company will have to offer after meeting Canadian requirements.

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The first of the companies in the rapidly-expanding Mud Lake area of Quebec to list its shares on the Toronto Stock Exchange is Aubelle Mines Ltd., which properties adjoin the McIntyre-controlled Belleterre mine. Drilling is now proceeding at the Aubelle under the direction of J. P. Norrie. The property was formerly known as the Gains-Moor and for a time was under option to Belleterre Gold Mines.

F. J. Robinson, Canadian Traffic Manager of American Airlines, Inc., who has been appointed Chairman of The Aviation Branch of The Toronto Board of Trade.

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Alcohol Plays a Vital Invasion Role
Day and night, Allied bombers carry their crushing, destructive might far beyond the enemy's flagging lines. Daily the tempo of the war's world-wide battle mounts . . . and daily the demand for War Alcohol grows.
For planes, and countless other materiel of war, Alcohol is vital. War Alcohol is used in the plastic binder of plywood planes and gliders; it is in the plastic plane-windows, the synthetic tires and oxygen masks, the de-icing fluids, the anti-freeze, even the paint on the fuselage! It is in the propellant that sends shells screaming at enemy strong-points. From Alcohol, too, comes carbon-dioxide, the magic life-saving gas that smothers flame as quickly as pinching out a candle, or inflates—just as quickly—the life rafts and life belts that keep men afloat till help arrives.
Today — and as long as the need lasts — every Hiram Walker and Gooderham & Worts plant, is distilling War Alcohol to bring Victory nearer!
SERVING THE UNITED NATIONS WITH WAR ALCOHOL
GOODERHAM & WORTS, LIMITED
HG18M